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BY

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW

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CONTENTS.



	PAGE
RETROSPECT	I
LLANFIHANGEL	4
THE WINTER BIRTHDAY	7
SUNSET AT DURHAM	12
NIGHT AT DURHAM	14
ASSOCIATION	15
THE ALPS	16
THE THUNDER CLOUD	19
FUNERAL OF A CHILD IN SPRING	21
STARS AND GRAVES	24
A DREAM	26
HYMN OF PRAISE	30
SPRING RIDE	32
CHRISTMAS HOLLY	36
HABBERLY VALLEY	40
THE FLOATING OF THE BRITANNIA TUBE	43
THE HOME VIEW	48
SHELSLEY BEAUCHAMP	52
CADER IDRIS	57
THE FIRST SPRING DAY	59

	PAGE
ON THE REOPENING OF OWSTON CHURCH, LEICESTER-SHIRE	65
THE LAST COMMUNION	67
THE THREE PUNDITS	69
GOLDEN-SAXIFRAGE	71
THE CHILDREN'S GARDEN	73
A SUNBEAM	75
HOMEWARD	76
MOUNTAIN-PANSIES	78
CONVERSE	80
ON THE DEATH OF BISHOP LONSDALE OF LICHFIELD	82
THE LAST BATHE	84
A PUZZLING QUESTION	89
FAIRYLAND LOST AND REGAINED	92
ON THE DEATH OF BISHOP GRAY OF CAPE TOWN	95
TWO BURIALS	96
WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM	98
THE BABIES' WOOD TURKEY-COCK	99
BARMOUTH	103
OLD AND NEW	106
THRIFT THE PLANT	108
LONDON PRIDE	110
THE BOY HERO	112
A TALE OF THE LONDON MISSION OF 1874	119
TO THE PRIMATE DESIGNATE	127
PENCIL OR PEN	129
POETRY AND THE POOR	132
THE BLIND AND THE DEAF	134

	PAGE
MY CLERGY	135
CHARITY	144
“PASCE VERBO, PASCE VITA”	145
GENTLEMAN JOHN	147
FROM NATURE TO MAN	166
“UNIVERSITY SETTLEMENTS” IN EAST LONDON	167
THE EAST LONDON CHILDREN’S HOSPITAL	168
A VISION OF BARMOUTII	170
SERMON NOTES IN VERSE	172
ON THE ALPS	184
“JUDGE NOT”	185
ON LEADER’S PICTURE, “PARTING-DAY”	186
ENGLAND’S PURE HOMES	189
A DAY AT THUSIS	190
A STARLIT NIGHT BY THE SEASHORE	191

Retrospect.

I WAS walking in an old wood
On the morning of New Year's day :
In a thoughtful and dreamy mood
Had I walked along my way.

The tall trees were grey and sear,
And a red leaf hung on the bramble ;
And there did I meet the Old Year,
Like myself, on a lonely ramble.

He was wondrously tall and thin,
Just like a bare old tree ;
His bones looked white thro' his skin,—
I was sure that it must be he.

His head was so snowy white,
And his eye was so sad with tears,
That I thought that I must be right,
That sad look must be the Old Year's.

‘Old Year,’ I said, ‘if it be
‘That my eyes are not something dim,—
(And an awe crept over me
As trembling I spake to him,—)

‘Old Year, thou art dead and gone,
‘Buried at midnight drear ;
‘Why comest thou, pale and wan,
‘To walk like a spectre here?’

‘Good Friend,’ the Old Year said,—
(And his voice was like the breeze
Mournfully overhead
Passing among the trees,—)

‘Good Friend, men think that we die,
‘But their thoughts are blind and vain ;
‘There’s a day drawing ever nigh,
‘When they shall meet us again.

‘Face to face we shall meet,—
‘Ah me ! for the folly of men ;
‘Our birth they merrily greet,—
‘How will they greet us then ?’

‘Oh ! I wronged thee,’ I cried, ‘Old Year,
‘And thy brothers that long have past ;
‘Had I known them better here,
‘I could meet them better at last.’

‘When thou walkest in this old wood,
‘Though mayest meet them all,’ said he ;
‘Now I’ll teach thee to thine own good,
‘If thou wilt be taught of me.’

So he taught me a lesson grave,
And thither I oft return :
But I tell not the lesson he gave,—
Thou canst go for thyself and learn.

(1844.)

Llanfihangel.

(A VILLAGE NEAR TAL-Y-LLYN.)



THE May-flies hovered in the heat,
And stood upon the lake,
And the quiet trout seemed scarce to dare
The lazy calm to break.

And up the mountain-side I went,
And o'er the mountain-back,
And saw no trace of human-kind
Upon my silent track.

Beyond the mountain-ranges far
I marked the level sea,
And a breeze that way upon my brow
Came blowing pleasantly.

And all the outlines, bound with heav'n,
Were quivering in the sun,—
And from my heart self-bidden streams
Of thankfulness would run.

It was the holy day of rest,
And, when the breezes fell,
There seemed to dream within my ear
The tolling of a bell :

So faintly, that I listened oft
To tell if it were true ;
Yet, when I listened, evermore
The breezes voiceless blew.

And o'er the moss and springy turf,
As holden by a spell,
I followed with an eager foot
The phantom of the bell,

Until it smote me loud and clear,
And, where the shapeless hill
Fell off abrupt with rocky face,
I stood in wonder still.

For deep below in hollow glen
A little village lay ;—
I never saw a fairer sight
Than I saw upon that day ;—

A stream all golden in the sun
'Mid ancient elm-trees crept,
And the light was on their rounded tops,
And deep their shadows slept.

And golden-grey the old church-tower
Its summons sweetly pealed ;
And long the train that gathered in
From hill-side and from field.

Oh, happy if ye knew the home
In which ye live and die !
Ye only curse its barrenness,
And pass its beauty by.

(1844.)

The Winter Birthday.

RIMY webs are on the thistles,
Silver-clad comes forth the morn,
Near and shrill the blackbird whistles
On the scarlet-berried thorn.

Then with silent blinding fall
In the eddies of the breeze
Weave the clouds their mighty pall
For the old year's obsequies.

Then the mould'ring fog comes round
With the South-wind's sickly breath,
Drops the wood with dismal sound,
Dropping to the sod beneath.

Every place is chill and raw,
Dreary winds moan as they go ;
Rivers, swollen with the thaw,
Roll their sands, and overflow.

Yet it seemeth but a day
Since the summer flowers were here,
Since they stacked the balmy hay,
Since they reaped the golden ear.

It hath gone—the glorious summer ;
So the years go, speeding past,
Onward, onward,—each new comer
Swifter speeding than the last.

Can thy life no semblance borrow
From the passing of the years ;
Peace to-day, and strife to-morrow,—
Day of hope, and night of tears ?

On the ocean of existence
Waves of change for ever roll ;—
Waves that, echoing thro' all distance,
Speak in thunder to the soul.

For the seasons, as they go,
Are the shades of human things,
Changing with a ceaseless flow,
Constant in their varyings.

Said I, ‘change’? Yea, such as storm
Sweeping over ocean’s face
Maketh in earth’s mighty form
Travelling onward into space.

What is that to those who *live*?

Life is something higher far.

‘Change’! the name I’d sooner give
To the tremblings of a star!

Said I ‘change’? Nay, let the blast
Stir the surface as it may,
Still the soul, like planet vast,
Holdeth steadfast on its way.

That is *Life* which never ends ;—

Brother, such have thou for thine ;—
Road that on and onward wends,
Vast eternal discipline.

Scorn upon the idle mind
Dwelling in the things without,
Passive to the veering wind
That tosses empty ships about.

Seize the helm with dauntless will,
Cleave the waves that round thee roar ;
Storm or sunshine, onward still
Cleave them straightly evermore.

Touch thou with a rod of power
That which passeth day by day ;
Bid the fortune of the hour
Thy calm even will obey.

All events that men call chance,
All things thou dost see and feel,
All the might of circumstance,—
Wrest them strongly to thy weal.

Tho' the outward things around thee
Be but partly understood,
Let their presence not confound thee,—
Bend them to thy endless good.

So the changes, swiftly hastening,
So the chief events of life,
Transient joys, and sorrows lasting,
Peaceful calm, and passion's strife,—

All shall come as comes the snow,
All shall like the sun-ray die,
For thy soul doth truly know
These have no eternity.

But they have a voice in going,
Like the day that passeth o'er,
And their tide in its back-flowing
Leaves its gifts of heavenly lore.

Brother! oh! be this our Life,
True and earnest, deep and strong,
Far above the world's vain strife
Cleaving steadfastly along.

Be it such that, when earth's day
With its hasty work is done,
All of ill shall fall away,
And the life shall still live on !

(1845.)

Sunset at Durham.

(FROM THE PREBENDS' BRIDGE.)

To all the town the sun is set;
Yet glorious on the hill
The mighty House of God is wrapt
In golden sunlight still.

The giant shadow hath crept on
From yonder uplands cast,
And over tree and over bank
Its silent foot hath past.

But now it seemeth for a while
To hold its stealthy pace
In conscious awe, before it touch
The holy building's base.

Under its dusky shroud I see
The shadowy river glide,
And grey mists gather fast between
Dim banks on either side.

The winter trees are cold and black,
The winter wind moans by,
And sunless all the distant fields
Slope upward drearily.

But high o'er all one building burns
So wonderfully bright
One scarce can deem it shineth not
With more than earthly light !

For golden gleam the ancient towers
Against the cloud behind,
And all the tender tracery
With golden fire is twined.

An awful pile of living light
Above a darkened world !
A standard, writ with gleaming words
Of love, from heaven unfurled !

A vision bright,—an Angel form
Poised o'er the dim low ground,
In its own radiance enshrined
'Mid dusky shades around.

Oh ! shall the scene to no glad thought
Of thankful hope give birth,
Of triumph, and of better things
Than are the things of earth ?

Night at Durham.

(FOR A SONG.)



THE groups of holy stars are sailing on,
To the music of the quiet-dropping river,
That down between its deep banks looketh wan
As the shadows of the gaunt trees o'er it shiver

Like silence that is visible, down low
Lie the shadows on the river and the land ;
And things around unreal seem to grow,
As with them, alike all motionless, I stand.

Sail on, ye holy stars, toward the West,
Thou queenly Night, sit stately on thy throne,
And ever may the warrings of my breast
The down-raining of your silent spirit own.

(1846.

Association.

(FOR A SONG.)



THE drone of the evening beetle
Rapidly passes by ;
And out from the golden sunset
A breeze comes quietly.

Over the many-tongued river
The latest thrush sings loud ;
And the wings of the gnats are shrilling
In the dance of their tiny cloud.

In a dreamy odour floats
The breath of the sleeping flow'rs ;
And a spirit of awe is borne
On the wings of the silent hours.

'Tis the same to the ear and sense
As it was on a bygone day,
And I dare not look from the turf
To find myself far away !

The Alps.

IT is a great and glorious thing to be
High up among the Alpine points of snow,
When all is still and clear,—profoundly still,
Intensely clear ; the outlines vast and far
Vividly cut in heav'n's eternal blue,
And fringed with orange light ; majestic domes,
Huge ice-rocks, shining alway silently.
Far far down splendid vales are floating still
The golden-surfaced clouds, the burnished roof,
That to the little world below makes heaven
One dimness ; even as our sins and follies
Gather above our heads, and hide away
The utter radiance of God's changeless love.
Lo ! point o'er point, and range surpassing range,
All gloriously illumined, infinite
In wealth of form ; majestic sweeps of shadow ;
Broad mountain bosoms, in their hollow depths
Nursing the huge blue streaming glaciers,
That with their thunderous ice-wave, thro' the silence,
Crash to the footfalls of slow-marching time.

Oh ! man's desire is of the infinite :
And here is greatness which flings back the bounds
Ev'n to the farthest that may be on earth.
Thyself alone,—yet in an awful presence !
How severed from thy kind ! How near to God
Say'st thou the might of these stupendous things
Makes thee feel little ? Scorn upon thy feeling !
It is the very pinnacle of greatness
To sit upon thy mountain-throne, and grasp
The might and grandeur of these grandest forms,
And make them all thine own :—to feel them made
For such as thee ! Oh ! there is more of truth
In the great feelings of an hour like this
Than men will look for. Doth it tell thee nothing
Of thine own soul ? Nay—hath it not a voice
That heraldeth the greatness of that thing
Which can conceive an influence so great ?
Speaketh it not of immortality,
When the whole soul o'erflows, and all around
Is vaster than thy fancy's vastest thought,
And thou dost know for once that there is that
Within thee which could feel and grasp far more
Than the cramped senses will let pass ?

O earth,

Thou glorious thing, ineffable in beauty,
Blinding the heart with tears of painful joy,
Tell me, O earth, O heavenward mountain-slopes,
O rosy pinnacles of glistening shrines,

O airy domes that cut the archèd blue,
O myriad-faced ice-rocks, O great vales,
Braided afar with silver river-lines,—
Tell me, what *is* your strange sublimity,
Your regal beauty, your eternal splendour ?
An image, a bare chart, we know not what,
Passeth upon the brain. Ay, and the rest
Is in the soul. Oh ! those are mocking proofs
That writers bring, and pall the soul's content,
Persuading it of its undying springs
With dry cold subtilty of reasoning,
To him who knows the glory that is born
Among the ancient rocks of sunny snow,
Silent and soulless, shining evermore !

O God, and shall my stricken heart thrill low
With rapture, like great music, and not pour
One strain to Thee ? And yet oh ! give me words
To pay a tithe of what is in my heart !

(1846.)

The Thunder Cloud.

VIVID against the mighty thunderstorm
Stand up the sunny trees into the sky,
Bright in the darkness, all distinct in form,
 And, as the breeze goes by
That freshens onward, glittering cheerfully.

And see how gloriously the silver spire
Is piercing up just where the sullen cloud
Breaks in uneven rent of ruddy fire ;
 And all the hill is browed
With light, cut out into the awful shroud.

How often with a cold and dreary swell
The fields on that same hill slope far away !
And when the sky is clear, you scarce could tell
 The church, so bright to-day,
Were there, still pointing to the heav'n as aye.

And who shall say the sorrow-clouds we meet
With no new lustre clothe the forms between ;
And that the hope and joy are not more sweet
Because that there hath been
A cloud and rain-drops on the shining scene ?

Oh ! if the Church's hand to weary eye
Point up to heav'n more plainly than before,
If on dim earth a heavenly radiance lie,—
Then let us weep no more,
But the dark cloud, for all it shows, adore !

(1847.)

Funeral of a Child in Spring.

EVERY rounded hawthorn spray
Shines with sunny tufts of May ;—
And the child was bright as they.

Now there is a silent gloom,
While about the open tomb
All the turf is burst in bloom.

With a solemn wondering air,
Six little children slowly bear
Their strange and mournful burden there.

And they think, as they go on,
How like some young flow'r she shone,
Scarce believing she is gone.

'Tis so strange to pass away
While the grass they tread is gay
With the blue Veronica.

And they wonder if the dead
Passeth with a silent tread
Thro' the blueness overhead ;

If the spirit, sailing near,
Doth their sobs of mourning hear,
Pondereth the shining tear ;

If upon her sunny wings
She may visit brighter things
Than the light of earthly Springs.

Oh ! it is a solemn scene
Thus to part from what hath been
When the earth is virgin-green.

Other children play around,
And the air is full of sound,
And the earth with light is crowned.

Yet the little mourners stand
Round the grave, a weeping band,
And share their sorrows, hand in hand.

Children ! hearken to the Spring,
With her voice in everything,
Balm unto your sorrowing.

Children ! watch the verdure shine,
And with quiet gladness twine
Wreaths of flowers for a sign.

Plant upon the rounded clay
Plants that shall be blooming gay
Every year upon this day.

For the seed, that now ye sow
In the chilly earth below,
Shall a glorious flower blow :—

“Sown in weakness, raised in power,”
In the eternal Springtide’s bower
It shall bloom, a glorious flower !

(1847.)

Stars and Graves.

“ Solemn before us
Veiled, the dark Portal,
Goal of all mortal :—
Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent.”

—GOETHE. Tr. CARLYLE.

THE Poet scanned with mighty awe
The mystery of man ;
He spake the strange things that he saw :
And thus it ran :—

‘ The silent stars are overhead,
‘ The silent graves below :
‘ A dream between—how quickly fled !—
‘ Is all we know.’

He pointed up—he pointed down—
The witnesses were there.
O'er the between a veil was thrown
He could not tear.

The Preacher saw the hand he raised,
And heard the words he spake ;
And in his soul with grief amazed
A fire outbroke.

‘ Poet,’ he cried, ‘ the things we see
‘ They are not all we know ;
‘ The web of thy philosophy
‘ I rend it so : ’—

He pointed with his eager hand
Behind and then before,—
‘ And there, and there, for ever stand
‘ Two wonders more.

‘ The silent stars sing out with mirth,
‘ The graves with grass are green : —
‘ Christ cometh twice upon the earth ; —
‘ We live between ! ’

(1847.)

A Dream.

(RECORDED AS FAITHFULLY AS POSSIBLE.)



I DREAMT a dream last night so fair
That it hath not vanish'd all the day,
But hangeth yet in the mid-noon glare,
Like a sunny mist o'er a landscape bare,
Making it beautiful and gay.

I dreamt that we travelled merrily,
(We three—my brother and sister and I.)
Merrily on in a foreign land,
Where the sun was warm, and the breeze was cool,
And the mountains rose up on either hand,
And the valley between was beautiful.
Gaily we travelled on in the sun,
And we watched the glorious mountains rise,
Backward and backward, 'till that far one
Whose icy point shot into the skies :—
And one said, 'That way our journey lies.'

And we thought how wonderful it would be
When up on that shining rock to see
Over the West the sunset glow,
And the mountain summits all ranged below,
And the road we had travelled merrily.

But suddenly in our wondering mood
We came to the edge of a little wood ;
And we drove straight thro' on the springy moss,
And the shade was silent and dark and green,
And the boughs so thickly were twined across
That little the blue sky seen between.
And then we came to a virgin lake,
Where never the fall of a weary breeze
The image of margin-mosses brake
Round the mighty roots of the ancient trees.
And as, I ween, you may chance to see
In some quaint book of Mythology
An Ocean-god in his car of shell
Cleaving the waters that round him swell,—
So with one bold plunge we brake the spell,
And shattered the quiet imagery.
And we rode thro' the waters swift and strong,
With a mighty purpose and steadfast gaze,
Dashing the crystals that trembled along
To the very marge with a million rays.
And a joy and a triumph and conscious might
Rested serene, as a crown of gold,

On the upward brow that was bent so bold
On the distant Alp with its rosy light,
Over the green trees rosy-white.
And many times did we peer below
Where the waters were brighter than those that flow
Under the walls of Zurich town
To the blue lake evermore gushing down.
And we saw the mosses golden and brown
In a tiny forest deep away
Distinct with delicate branch and spray.
And over the sunny surface wide
There swam and swung with a pearly light,
Like birds on the sea at eventide,
Great flocks of water-lilies white ;
Yet not like others, but fairer far,
For their delicate wings all seemed to be
Gleaming with light transparently,
And crowned in the midst with a golden star.
And oh ! it was childlike joy to part
The shining water with down-stretched hand,
And to see the broken surface start
And wide in glittering curves expand.
And on, and on, all adown the lake
We clove the waters and left our wake,
All before us as strangely still
As the future that hideth its good and ill,
And all behind us trembling on
In the misty sunlight that slanting shone,

Like a memory soft of things that are gone.
And methought, when the evening light was o'er,
And the folded shadows came dimly down,
We sat and talked on the quiet shore
Of the glorious Alp with its snowy crown.
And the peace of the present was pure and deep,
And the hope of the future was calmly bright :
And oh ! I would that the dream of sleep
Had its counterpart in the hours of light !
For methinks 'twere easy to twine my song
With a moral sweet and a lesson true,
Of blending the near and distant view,
And charming the road, as we travel along,
With a lofty aim and a purpose strong. .

(1848.)

Hymn of Praise,

ON THE APPEARANCE OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.



O God, Thy glory is abroad this hour
Flushing the pure calm face of saintly Night ;
Who seemeth, as she sitteth on her throne,
To gather all her powers into praise,
And in exulting joy to worship Thee
With the full beauty of her holiness.
See where among the feathered clouds flows on
A wondrous sea of rosy waves ; and swords
Of brightness strike up from the Northern distance
Ev'n to the highest heavens, where the stars
Seem crowding Westward like far companies
Of Angels going up to some high feast,
As the wind moves the light clouds onwards ! See
How all the spaces of the moonless sky
Are blue against the fire-flood ! And, o'er all,
Broad ceaseless waves of streaming radiance flow
In a swift tide across the trembling heavens,

As tho' some storm-wind coursed them from the pole !

Lo ! hath an awful daybreak gloriously
Burst forth among the stars at midnight hour,
Climbing the topmost skies with giant-strides,
Impatient of the long delay that melts
The darkness into daylight ? Or hath Eve
Forgotten her sweet office, and come back
From gathering in the lagging hues that trail
Behind her lord the sun, to see for once
The wonders of the night that followeth her ?
Oh ever-changing beauty ! Now it ebbeth,
Sucking, as doth the sea, its airy billows
Back to the margin of the sky, and now
It poureth up once more, with strength renewed
Passing its former bounds, and gushing on
In creek and bay !

O mighty mighty Night !
Yea, rather, mighty God, who makest night,
For Thy great glory I give thanks to Thee !
My heart is full of praise I cannot speak :
Oh ! if its song be inarticulate,
Yet be it, God, as true to Thee as Night's,
Who in her stillness praiseth Thee the most,
With her fair earnest face turned full on Thee,
All senses lost in one deep speechless worship !

Spring Ride.

(LEATON KNOLLS, NEAR SHREWSBURY.)



O SISTER, 'twas so sweet a time,
Our ride of yesterday,
I needs must turn it into rhyme,
Lest all should fade away.

And it may be a pleasant thing,
When colder-hearted grown,
To catch a faint re-echoing
Of feelings that are flown.

'Twas after show'rs of gentle rain
Had past across the sky,
And cleared the vapours from the plain,
And brought the distance nigh ;

On one of those soft days ere yet
The woodbine leaves unfold,
While garden-plots are thickly set
With aconites of gold ;

We rode out in a fitting mood
A joyous heart to win,
And all the outward springing wooed
The joyousness within.

We rode between the meadow-lands,
And many a gleaming sheet
Of red earth shot with greenest bands
Of early-growing wheat :

We heard the thrush's wild rich song
Full of the bursting Spring,
We saw the tree-buds all along
In soft light glimmering :

Until we reached that fairest spot
Where, opening out between,
On either side a lonely knot
Of fir-trees dark and green

Stood out into the depth of sky
Like night against its blue,
A mighty frame of ebony
For all the glorious view.

And thro' the grassy hollow there
The woodlands golden-brown
With curving slopes dipt onward where
The river runneth down.

And all the wide plain darkly clear
Was thronged with richest hues,
One tint could not be added thiere,
One tint we could not lose.

The clouds were clustered overhead,
And but a single gleam
Fringed the tree-tops with softest red
Above the river's stream.

But oh ! I would that I could paint
The glories far away,
Where with excess of brightness faint
The mountain-ranges lay ;

The foremost dark with shades distinct,
The hindmost drowned in light,
Range after range in grandeur linked
Alternate dark and bright !

It seemed as tho' the mountain-piles
That crowned the farthest West,
Scarce hid those fabled happy isles
With cloudless sunshine blest.

Oh would I might to other's eye
That close-writ page unroll,
Whose everlasting memory
I drink into my soul ;

Whose influence thro' smiles and tears
Shall last as it began ;
A happiness for after years,
A new part of the man !

(1848.)

Christmas Holly.

OH ! warm, ye gleams of early years,
 Around my heart ye throng,
Till melting streams of frozen tears
 Flow down, with ancient song.

Old words all linked with childish glee,—
 Old thoughts remembered now,—
The ring of bells,—the frosted tree,—
 The sparkling holly-bough,—

The hymn we said with happy pride
 To those that are no more,—
The tune we heard in church, and tried
 To sing, when church was o'er,—

All memories of joyous things,
 That were unto the boy,
The mirth of this glad season brings
 To stir the man with joy.

The holly from its darkling leaves
Old feelings raineth down,
And old old dreams the chiming weaves,
That cometh from the town.

But chief of all a charm there lies
To fill the pondering soul
In that sweet chant that from the skies
O'er Bethlehem's shepherds stole.

What tho' the passing of the hours
Has softened all the view,
And on the light of spring-time bowers
Are tints of mellower hue,—

'Tis sweet to blend with calm content
Light-hearted joys long flown,
Soft shadows of a merriment
That may not now be known.

I would not now those joys replace,
That light heart of the past,
To lose the melancholy grace
That years upon them cast.

One single note I would not drown,
Though sad the cadence be,
Of that sweet song that trembleth down
From soaring memory.

Oh ! happy they who harmonize
The man's deep earnest part
With strains of simple songs that rise
From childhood's joyous heart.

And oh ! that ever, as I go
My destined way on earth,
I could but bid around me flow
Such tones of heavenly birth !

Yet long long seasons still there are
When these sweet songs are dumb,
When holy things seem faint and far,
And life grows wearisome ;—

When manhood's fire, and boyhood's glee,
Alike lie cold and dead ;—
When faith lacks strength to rise and see
The great things overhead ;—

When fervour pines, and zeal and love
And interest decay ;—
When duties flag, and slowly move
The footsteps of the day.

Oh ! then I sometimes wish that I
Were such as I have known,
Whose gladsome moments lightly fly,
As they have ever flown.—

Yet better the calm work of man
Than gladness of the boy ;—
So let me work the while I can,—
And leave to God the joy.

(1848.)

Habberly Valley.

(NEAR KIDDERMINSTER.)

OUT from the gloomy rows of homes—(what homes
For man with his home-loving heart !)—far out
Beyond the discontented murmuring
Of streets that throb with the great looms, where I
Day after day sad-hearted move along,—
Far out this holy evening have I past.

It is an evening of such temperament
As makes the heart gush out with streams of beauty,
Mingling its own with that which is without,
Making a tenfold loveliness. I choose
The head of a small valley for my throne,
And all the spirits of beauty do my bidding.
The soft turf where I sit is intertwined
With mosses delicate, and eyebrights pure
Dot all its smoothness, with rock-roses frail
And crimson-lipped cup-moss ; and on the stone,

That stands out rough and grey on either side,
Grow maiden-hair and tufts of purple heath.
And far away above the swelling copse
And ferny hollow with its close-cropt grass,
Where the sheep browse and tinkle their small bells,
And far beyond the green and level fields,
Whose trees crowd up upon the slanting sight
Into one constant woodland, there is reared
Beautiful Malvern, purple-robed and faint,
With sunny streaks upon his Western summit.

Oh ! know'st thou not when evening fair as this
Will call back to thy mind far other scenes
Of bygone years when thou hast felt the same,
And memory pours sweetness on the thought
And absence sorrow, till thou needst must weep ?
So I will dream awhile. I'll lay me here
Upon the thymy hill, with eyes half-closed
And pondering the swimming depths of blue.
The slanting sun plumeth the gnats with gold
That dance across my sight ; the fresh young breeze,
That slept all day, cometh across the vale ;
And oh ! a flood hath set unto my soul—
A flood of eddying thoughts—the strange sad sense
Of utter loneliness, and time, and change,—
The bright bright days of old, the ancient scenes
Full of a thousand bursting memories,
All of sad hue, and yet how beautiful !

O ye soft airs, and sunny warmth of heaven,
Ye sounds and sights I love, ye have a spell
To conjure up dead feelings, and old dreams,
And ancient homes of thought, long ruinous,
And flowers that now are food for canker-worms.
Ye sympathies that bind the living heart
To all the outward glory of the earth,
Ye pour swift streams of recollection round me
That ripple onward to the far far past,
Till my whole soul is full of their sad music !
I wander far away ;—I see again
The glorious haunts of former days, those scenes
That taught me first of beauty and of love.
I see the graves of many hopes and joys ;
Ay, and about the graves are flitting still
The shades of things that were. O happy days
Light-hearted days, again ye wander by,
Spectre-like company ! the same, yet changed !
The very lights and shadows pass again,
And yet they seem half-new. Ah ! Memory,
Wander thou where thou wilt, thou canst not banish
That sense of distance and of creeping change,
That linketh all the present to the past :—
Seek thou what fairest times and scenes thou wilt,
Times and scenes crowded with life's sunniest flowers,
Thou'l find some straggling wreaths of sadder hue,
Whose root is in the present, twining there !

The Floating of the Britannia Tube,

JUNE 20, 1849;

OR, THIRTEEN AN UNLUCKY NUMBER.

(FOUNDED UPON FACT.)



GOOD Owen Williams of Tyn-y-bryn,
That is hard by Maes-y-Pandy,
Had a market-cart that was painted green,
And the best brown cob that ever was seen,
And the brown cob's name was Dandy.

Dandy the cob, he never was gay,
As he tugged the loads of lumber,
Yet he looked right plump and sleek that day,
For he'd had a pinch of corn to his hay,
—And yet thirteen, as I've heard men say,
Is a terrible luckless number.

And thirteen souls, both great and small,
With his wife and sister and cousin,

Good Owen Williams he treated them all,
And packed them in till (woe befall !)
There was one beside the dozen.

Now Dandy tugged right well at the trace
Till his wind grew something shorter ;
And yet he looked in capital case,
For they'd combed his forelock down his face,
And dipped the comb in water.

Bless me ! but it was a pretty sight
To see them fairly started,
With their hats so smooth and their frills so white,
A dozen blithe women in holiday plight,
Well-dressed and merry-hearted !

And Dandy had ne'er such a load before,
Tho' I trow he never went faster,
For a huge brown pitcher the green cart bore,
With baskets crammed with no sparing store
For the dozen beside the master.

And oh ! but it was a noisy ride !
And I'll lay you a pound to a penny
They laughed till it echoed far and wide,
As they trotted o'er moor and mountain-side,
Down to the shore where the narrow tide
Comes washing up the Menai.

And good ten thousand were gathered there
To see the tunnel afloat,
And Stevenson the engineer,
With Claxton shouting his orders clear,
And slowly down to the foot of the pier
Steering the mighty boat.

Now Owen Williams had moored his craft
(To use the nautical diction)
On the side of the common, where they quaffed
From the huge brown pitcher, and roared and
laughed ;—
For in prosperity men are so daft
They never think of affliction.

The brown cob grazed on the close-cropt green :
In a pond behind were swimming
A flock of white geese, all ragged and lean,
Twelve and the gander :—Ill luck to thirteen
With a dozen to one of them women !

The shafts were propped up, and the day was warm,
And the beer was tapped right gladly :
And little they thought there was cause for alarm
In the flies that seemed to do no great harm
Save teasing Dandy sadly.

But to the wise man nothing is small,
As I shall show most clearly ;

For who would have thought that a fly on the wall
Some twenty yards off, unseen by all,
Concerned them yet so nearly ?

The tube had started without a hitch,
And the cheers uprose stupendous :—
When the fly on the wall flew over the ditch
To Dandy's nose, which began to itch
With an itching most tremendous.

He whisked his tail, and he shook his ears,
With a movement most impatient,
But all in vain are his kicks and rears,
Till at last with a steady course he steers
To where his cart is stationed.

Owen Williams he smacked his whip,
But Dandy's purpose was settled,
He marched to the shaft, and rubbed his lip
Up and down at the very tip
On the place the fly had nettled.

Never was luck to a dozen and one,
(To question the fact were idle,)
Dandy's object was quietly won,
And he lifted his head when the rubbing was done,
But the shaft was caught in the bridle.

Oh ! for the screams when the cart uprose !
And verily, for that matter,

A dozen Welsh women, as every one knows,
(Or at least, if you don't, you may well suppose,)
Can kick up a pretty clatter.

Slowly up went the shafts in the sky,
And, to cut the story shorter,
Dandy listed his head so high
That he tumbled the whole of the company
Heels over head in the water !

Oh ! for a Turner's mystic brush
To seize on the situation,
And weirdly picture the crash and crush,
And the geese, and the womankind, and slush,
And dismay, and consternation !

And Owen Williams, he vowed, I ween,
With a vow right strong and hearty,
That never again should he be seen
Making one of a fatal thirteen,
Be it ever so tempting a party !

The Home View.

(NEARWELL, SHREWSBURY.)



OH ! God be praisèd for a home
Begirt with beauty rare,
A perfect home, where gentle thoughts
Are trained mid' scenes so fair.

And where (God grant it so) the heart
That loves a beauteous view,
The while it grows in truth and taste,
May grow in goodness too.

For 'tis my creed that part to part
So clingeth in the soul,
That whatsoe'er doth better one,
That bettereth the whole :

And whoso readeth nature's book
Wide spread throughout the earth,
Will something add unto his love
Of wisdom and of worth.

Then God be praisèd for a home,
With dower of beauty blest,
That seeth o'er a sunny plain
The mountains in the West—

Fair hills, where tender hues and tints
With flecks of sunshine stray,
So full of change that some new grace
Comes up with each new day ;

Now cut in the clear depth of sky
With outline sharp and pure !
Now distanced by the hazy sun,
In misty lights obscure.

I see them now all softly shine
In one wide azure glow,
While bands of shadow o'er the lands
Between are moving slow.

And now all dark in solemn range
At evening hour they stand,
Fringed upward to green spaces clear
With shining orange band.

On gleamy days I see full oft
A fall of sunrays drop
Gently as flocks of birds alight
Upon a southern slope.

Or else I see them softly steal
Up some gorse-golden steep,
Or down a hazel-feathered gorge,
Slowly, like browsing sheep.

The passing storm will oft throw out
(In sunny contrast seen)
Upon the grassy mountain-side
A space of vivid green.

And oft a train of distant smoke
(So in God's earth and sky
All things have beauty, rightly seen,)`
Like silver floweth by.

And every hue that painters know,
And every shade they love,
Cometh upon those beauteous hills,
Down from the heavens above.

And I might sing of fairest things
Within the nearer plain,
And count the glorious works of God
Once more in scanty strain.

For there are meadows golden green,
Where shadows broad and deep
Of rounded elms, and dark-leav'd oaks,
And crookèd hawthorns, sleep.

And there are wooded banks and curves,
Uprising far and nigh,
And gracefully thro' copsewood slopes
The poplar shooteth high.

And thus by morning and by eve,
The same yet ever new,
I drink into my inmost soul
The glories of the view :—

Thanking the God of heaven and earth
For making all so fair;
And hallowing my perfect joy
With praises and with prayer.

(1850.)

Shelsley Beauchamp.

THOU say'st that it is nobler far to sing
Of Man, with all his majesty of will,
His Godlike mind, his mysteries of thought,
His might of hope and dread and joy and woe,
The crown of all creation,—than to sing
God's lesser works, the things in earth and sky
Most beautiful, the mountains, and the wood,
The breezy lake, and clouds suffused with light
And hues unutterable, the delicate flower,
The voicèd spring,—all perfect things that move
The loving heart to thankfulness and joy ;—
Man is the poet's subject.

Be it so :—

Then I will plead great lack of nobler thoughts,
And of the skill to mould them into rhyme.
Be mine the lowlier aim : for on my heart
Never hath deed of high renown, or scene
Of tender interest, drawn by purest art,
Fall'n with such true and living influence

As some sweet passing touch that hath awaked
A memory of Nature's simple truth.
And I would dwell in that which is divine,
Least fallen ; I would train my heart to feel
The mystic might of things that never change,
Things whose great meaning always is the same,
Whose voices always speak to them that hear,—
The glory and the beauty of the world.
Yes, I would change thy saying, if I might ;
Man is the poet's *object* : there we meet.
To make man feel what he himself hath felt,
This is the poet's work. To rouse the heart,
By all the gentle artifice of verse
Winning the imagination to our side
And gaining subtle entrance, to smite then
With all those touches that have smitten us
For pleasure or for good :—this is our work.

O Nature ! high and pure and holy Nature !
Grant me the lowliest place within thy courts,
Where I may serve thee, winning golden smiles.
Oh for the voice of song to hymn thy might !
Oh for the genius that should set in rhyme
All richly chased the jewels of thy wealth
For men to gaze upon ! Yea, I would tell
Of wondrous thoughts, and courage, and resolve,
And holy hope, and power to conquer life,
Born of the eternal stars ;—such truth and power

As never proudest deed of man best told
Hath given : I would tell of glorious joy
Gathered among the lonely glist'ning snows
Of Alpine summits ; of large stores of love
Drawn from the moving shadows of the woods ;
Of praise o'erflowing midst the sunny slopes
Of hills ; and valleys that have made me pray.
Oh ! I could pass in memory one by one
A thousand station-points, rich varied scenes
Of plain and mountain, moors and riverside,
Sunsets, and glorious nights, and first Spring days,
Deep woodland hollows, rock-clefts fringed with
ferns,
The roll of mighty waves, the still blue lake,
The wide earth and the airy ocean seen
From mountain-summits, the pale light of mists,
The full-toned colouring of clouded days :—
Points where my heart hath halted in its journey
And laid up stores for all its after need.

That moment when upon the gloomy pass
Thro' clouds and dreary wastes ascending slow
First I could pierce Dunlow's long rugged gorge,
And through the rent, as through a wondrous glass,
(The roof all hung with curtains of thick cloud,) Could see far off a little glittering space
Of sunny plain,—that moment is to me
A rich possession, richer far than e'er

I won from plain where classic battle raged,
Or town where storied names have lived and
wrought.

An hour of calm pure moonlight, all too brief,
Beside thy rippy marge, O fair Lugano,
That perfect night when shoreward breezily
The quivering waters all their shining tost,
Is worth to me all hours that e'er I passed
Tracking memorials of mighty men
In castles camps and palaces.

And thou,
Sweet Shelsley, 'mid the wanderings of my thought
And dreamy recollections of fair spots,
Now gatherest up thy beauties one by one,
Building thyself into a perfect truth.
Oh ! to awake unto a woodland scene,
To gaze with the first look on golden fields
And curvèd hill-sides bowered with shadowy trees,
The freshness and the beauty and the sun,
When thou hast dwelt in some great town, and
seen

From thy dim lattice nought but weary streets
Of squalid misery,—what joy of joys !
Thus, fairest Shelsley, on thy perfect vale
I gazed entranced on one sweet summer morn.
From a long slope I looked across the fields,
The lush and flowery fields, where gentle Teme

Glided amidst his willows, to the hills
That opposite were ruddy as they woke,
Lifting their dewy freshness to the day.
The butterflies were fluttering on the grass,
The swallows raced and twined in giddy maze,
With tiny joyous scream, incessantly :—
And I was glad with them.

And then a voice

Spake in my soul, disloyally it spake :—
‘Oh for a lot cast amid all that’s fair,
‘Where my great work might only be to learn
‘The glory and the beauty of God’s earth !’
But soon another voice made answer thus :—
‘A truer wisdom were alway to take
‘Beauty within thy heart, a gentle inmate,
‘Cheering thy steps, like music after toil.
‘Thy portion is not here ; go, work thy work.’

(1850.)

Cader Idris.

THOU Form sublime, that drawest upward ever
To airy points thy far receding slopes,—
Cathedral mountain, 'mid the thousand shrines
That lift their gorgeous steeples all around,
Replete with heavenward praise, where every morn
The wild winds ring for worship ; let me add
My puny voice to all the mighty chant
That down thy sculptured aisles a thousand streams
Chant as they march white-vested. Temple vast,
Great Dome, instinct with awe and thought profound,
Whose silent regions and unmeasured space
Distil a sense of power and majesty,—
Whose mighty walls of fretted rock, and slopes
That front all aspects of the hollow sky,—
Whose forms that in their changes infinite
Make thee complete in unity,—whose vastness
And grandeur, that do unimpaired embrace
The exquisite perfection of each part

Wrought with minutest skill,—whose noon-day
glory
Scored with black shades of deep-cut masonry,—
Whose vaults with lavish beauty studded, bossed
With clusters of huge angles, feathered o'er
With foliage of all grace,—whose marble floors
Of airy lakes, that see the starry hosts
March nightly by,—whose proud head wreathèd
round
With lightning storms,—whose sudden shouting
rush
Of hurricane, and tumult of swift winds,—
Whose winter torrents, and whose glazed snows,—
Yea, and whose gem-like flower most delicate
Nursed in a cleft of rock amid the spray
Of waterfalls,—all gloriously exalt
Thine awful Architect ;—I would bow low,
Great Mountain, in thy vast and silent courts,
Filling my soul with worship unto Him
Who built thee for a temple to His praise.

(1850.)

The First Spring Day.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

Is Winter dreaming of sweet summer hours,
As guilty men may dream of innocence,
This perfect day, that stealeth soft and still
In between moaning winds and skies of grey,
Tenderly fair, like a celestial clime
Islanded in a sullen wintry sea?
'Tis such a day as this that melts the heart,
Hard beaten with the tramp of passing years,
Stirring its pulses with such trembling joy
They needs must break forth into flowers of song.

I stand alone, and gather to my soul
The strange sweet influences that are poured
Around me in the soft and shining calm.
Silence is on the hill, whose Western slopes
Are strewn with dreamy lights like gossamer,
Whose swelling knolls are lit each with his crown

Of slanting rays, above the hollow curves
Filled with dim shadows, which stretch far away
To where the Eastern scar falls off abrupt
In purple gloom. Silence is on the hill,
And in the trees, that, mid' the lichenèd crags,
Themselves as bare and gaunt, stand singly out,
And burn with ruddy fire. And deep below
In narrow hollow, massed in sombre shade,
Black yew-trees brood like Night, the tender mist
Of sun-rays dimly streaking their broad crowns
Over the grassy ridge ; and from their feet
A little stream comes creeping ever on
From stone to stone with tremulous whispering ;
While up against their blackness, in the calm
Of airy space suffused with golden haze,
Dim insects float like wandering sparks of fire.

I note each separate grace ;—yet, while I stand
And marvel, over all there passeth down
A might of trancèd calm, a silent awe,
A dreamy mystery of grief-like joy,
That thro' the utter stillness and the gleam
Poureth around the heart a trembling sense
Of fair things far away. Oh ! strange sweet power
In that which is itself so very fair
To banish all the present, and bring near
Only the farthest distance ! Why is it
That when the scene, with all its mellow lights

And glorious hues, and with its subtle charm
Of tender influences strewn around,
Might well content with only that which is,—
Why is it that the spirit in such hour
To that which is not floateth far away,
List'ning intent to delicate undertones
That vibrate now from all the viewless strings
Which bind it ever to the golden past?
Where is the touch that plays those wondrous
strings,
Whisp'ring along the spaces far away
In airy music, sad, aye unto tears,
Yet oh, how perfect!—Where the mystic power
That bears the wistful heart so far far off,
Like to some bird that on its poisèd wings
All motionless is ever onward borne
By airy stream, till, passing from all ken,
It seems to vanish thro' some opal gate
Of sunset heavens?—'Tis that such a day
Standeth apart from that on either side,
All unlike in its aspect, its soft calm
Cheating the heart with sweet forgetfulness,
And in its very strangeness banishing
The sense and memory of present things,
The chills of yesterday, the morrow's rain.
It cometh in its strangeness like a dream
Apart from all before and after it,
Too strange, too bright, too tender, to belong

To present things,—its very air suffused
With trembling fragile visions of fair scenes
Long past and far away,—its thrilling stillness
Instinct with memories, too sad for joy,—
Too sweet for sorrow,—yet all undefined,
Half-memories of all bright and far-off things,
Of strange sweet feelings, such as this day stirs,
Felt long ago :—I call them memories,
Yet, as they come, they seem to pass away
In infinite longings, hopes that reach far forth
Into a mystic void that only seems
That which I want,—and very far away.
The present is all gone ; and thro' my soul
Two voices pour their intense harmony,
Wordless, yet taking captive all my being
With their great song,—ev'n Memory and Hope !

Oh ! why so rarely now come days like this ?
Why must the daily round of trivial cares
And outward duties hang like a dark veil
Shutting away from me the joyous light
Of Nature's earnest face, which once I loved
How eagerly ! For 'twas not always so.
My childhood's home was in a town, but there
A garden-terrace looked o'er meadow-lands
Out to a hill, whose hollow banks were rich
With knots of varied foliage.* I should pass

* Haughmond Hill, as seen from the Stone House, Shrewsbury.

Such scene a hundred times scarce noticed now.
But that was then my secret store of joy,
And thither I would run alone each day,
And oft-times in a day, to taste anew
The deep mysterious draught of my delight.
There too I well remember how my heart
Leapt up exulting, with a startled joy
And sudden thrill that held the breath, to see
Cracking the wintry earth with points of green
The venturous spirelets of the crocus-buds.

O glorious joys of childhood, what are ye ?
O tender lights, that floated round my path,
O heavenly beauty, strewn before my feet,
O love intense, the dower of childish years,
Whence came ye ? Whither have ye passed away ?
To-day I seem to set my foot once more
Within the borders of your fairy-land.
Oh ! tell me, ere ye go, ye fleeting guests,
What message bear ye ? Are ye shattered lights
From a more luminous sphere,—faint memories
Of that which man once was, when from God's hand
Godlike he came, and streams of heav'n's own light
Played round him still ? Are ye dim memories
Coming all intertwined with splendid hopes
Which may abide, when ye are seen no more ?
Yea, I will wrest an answer, ere ye pass,
And ye shall speak these words unto my soul :

‘O man, that weepest for youth’s golden hours
When on the earth there lay a heavenly gleam
And lustrous radiance thou canst no more find,
Turn thou and gaze before thee.—Far away,
Over the weary plains, where thou must tread
In calm content thine ever onward path,
There on the dim horizon, faint and far,
Are striking up, like shadowy spears of fire
In northern midnights, gleams of wavering light
From some vast unseen glory. Yea, for there,
Whither thou goest, is the very fount
Whence flowed the early radiance and the gleam
That lit the earth to thy young eyes ; and there
Thou shalt behold it yet again :—but now
No dim reflection, no rare transient joy,
Gilding some blissful solitary hour,
A dream of interwoven tremulous rays,
So delicately spun its airy woof
Melts at the breathing of a little word,
Fades at the coming of thy closest friend ;—
But one eternal rapture, where all hearts
Are widened to embrace all joys in one,
And, banded in great love, are flooded o’er
With bliss that changeless ever seemeth new,
Seeing in glorious vision evermore
The infinite beauty, which no speck nor flaw
May sully, of the “very far off land.”’

On the Reopening of Owston Church, Leicestershire.

SEE the Church her head once more hath listed ;
Seemly order dwells within her gate ;
God-sent art adorns her holy precincts,
And no more she lieth desolate.

What is it that she is saying, brothers ?
All the subtle skill of graver's hand,
All the heavenward shafts, and bended arches,
Utter speech to those that understand.

You can hear them telling some things loudly,
Telling of ungrudging love and care ;—
But I catch an inner voice that pleadeth
Soft and sweet, like music in the air.

And it saith, from every wreathèd column,
Every leafy carving, breathing low,—
' Take our message, O ye *living* temples,
' Fold it in your hearts before ye go.

‘Purge the shrine of your own souls within you
‘From all stain of pride and sloth and sin,
‘Grace it with all saintly decoration,—
‘Then your God shall come and dwell within.’

(1861.)

The Last Communion.

(ON A FEEBLE OLD MAN COMING ONCE MORE TO
THE HOLY COMMUNION AFTER ILLNESS.)



HE had been near unto the golden gate :
Serene he waited for his Master's calling ;
It came,—‘A little longer thou must wait,
‘The sands of life have not yet ceased their falling.’

Once more he passeth by the well-known way,
Tho' sight be dim, tho' footstep fail and falter,
Led by the hand, once more this holy day
He draweth nigh unto his Lord's dear altar.

He kneeleth low ; he heareth words of bliss ;
With hand upspread and eyelid closed he kneeleth ;
Oh, what an hour of peace and joy is this !
Oh, in what love his Lord Himself revealeth !

We see the trembling form ; but far from sight
The spirit passeth to more glorious regions,
Behind the veil, upborne on wings of light,
Blending its worship with Angelic legions.

Entranced he gazeth on the wounded Side,
The precious Stream for him in mercy flowing,
The low-bowed Head, the Arms outstretching wide,
The awful Cross with mystic radiance glowing.

Servant of God ! Thou hast not long to stay ;
Soon the weak bonds that hold thee here shall
sever :
Then shalt thou gaze upon the perfect day,
And Him thou lov'st, for ever and for ever.

The Three Pundits.*



A BISHOP, a Dean, and a Canon, they say,
Were discussing a difficult passage one day.

Said the Canon, 'I rather
'Agree with a father,
'And fancy I see
'A profound mystery,
'Which confutes, when unravelled, with stringent
austerity
'Modern impugners of Catholic verity.'

Said the Dean, 'It is clear
'There's a knotty point here;
'And I really can't say
'That I quite see my way:
'The Germans no doubt
'Have found it all out:

* Bishop Ellicott of Gloucester, Dean Alford, and Canon Wordsworth (afterwards Bishop of Lincoln).

'Ah no ! But the Canon is wrong, I am sure ;
'So it's best, as we find it, to leave it—obscure.'

Said the Bishop, 'To me
'The solutions seem three,
'Which I'll call *a*, *b*, *c*.
'In favour of *a*
'There is much to say ;
'Something for *b*,
'And a little for *c*.
'Against *a* I find
'Reasons strong to my mind ;
'But by stronger ones yet
'*B* and *c* are both met.
'And so when the three I impartially weigh,
'I'm disposed to give in my adhesion to *a*.'

It was thus that the Canon
Patristical ran on ;
It was thus that the Dean
Halted doubting between ;
It was thus that the Bishop
The meaning did fish up :
It was thus that Dean, Canon, and Bishop, they
say,
Discussed that most difficult passage one day.

Golden-Saxifrage.

(PONT-VAEN, NEAR CHIRK.)



WHERE budding alders drop their trellised shadows
on the stream,
By the margin of the narrow meadow's golden breadth
of gleam ;
Where round about the mossy stones the glimmering
water whirls
With bubbles making rings of light and strewing
shadowy pearls ;
Where thro' the sunlights and the shadows, by the
ancient roots,
Under the grey arch fringed with fern the arrowy ousel
shoots ;
Where the larch's glorious greenness shines all up the
slanting height,
Greenness shining not a colour but a tender living
light ;
Where the sorrel hangs its graceful bells ; ere yet,
with dreamy glow,

The purple haze of hyacinths floats in the wood
below ;—

There mid the margin-mosses, far from dusty ways of
men,

The Saxifrage with lavish wealth of gold endows the
glen.

Ah ! River, on thy glimmering banks, and down thy
glistening sands,

Bring not the golden grains to lure unloving eager
hands ;

But ever pour about thy marge the flush of golden
flowers,

To make the heart rich with sweet thoughts to store
for dimmer hours.

The Children's Garden.

(A PLOT IN THE CHURCHYARD AT WHITTINGTON
RESERVED FOR CHILDREN ONLY.)



WHERE is the children's garden-ground?—
Near the church, where the stately lime
Hums all day with a dreamy sound
In the leafy summer-time.

What is the seed in that garden sown?—
It is poor and feeble and little worth,
And we sow it in tears, in the cold dim earth
Buried deep deep down.

Tell me, when will the Spring-tide be?—
When the Day-star riseth upon the gloom,
And He who maketh each flower and tree
Biddeth the garden bloom.

How will blossom that garden-plot?—
Rows of lilies, all pure and white
As woodland snow-wreaths without a spot,
Shining with living light.

What are those blossoms so brightly fair?—
The little ones, at the trumpet's sound
Springing up in their beauty there
From the children's garden-ground.

A Sunbeam.

(TO L. C.)



WHEN the thorn-leaves golden-brown
One by one were trembling down,
And across the misty dell
Slanted bars of amber fell ;

Then a little winning face,
Pure and bright and full of grace,
Softly as the slanting ray
Fell upon my heart one day.

Smiles of Autumn quickly fly,
Amber mists are floating by,
And the glistening sunrays pass
From the silver-braided grass :

But my little sunbeam lies
In my heart, a life-long prize ;
Storm or shadow, come what will,
It will live and shine there still.

Homeward.

(LOSING SIGHT OF CADER IDRIS.)



ROUND this purpled shoulder, like a pageant,
One by one the mountain summits die :—
Even as earth's narrow outlines near us
 Hide the infinite glories from the eye.

Homeward once again. Ah ! vanished mountains,—
 Like old friends, your faces many a day
O'er the bowery woods shall rise before me
 And the level corn-lands far away.

By the dreamy rippling in the sunlight,
 By the windy surgings of the shore,
Up the thymy sheep-tracks thro' the heather,
 I must wander, glad of heart, no more.

Yet I bear with me a new possession ;
 For the memory of all beauteous things
Over dusty tracks of straitened duties
 Many a waft of balmy fragrance brings.

Was it thirstless waste of golden moments
That I watched the seaward-burning West,
That I sought the sweet rare mountain-flowers,
That I climbed the rugged mountain-crest,—

That I wandered up the narrowing valleys,
Plying oft the angler's lonely art,
Valleys deepening from the glorious ocean
Far into the mountain's silent heart,—

Splendid glens, instinct with magic beauty,—
Glimmering lights among the tender green—
Glancing waters, trembling into hollows,
Thro' the latticed branches dimly seen,—

Upward still to wilder lonelier regions,
Where the patient river fills his urn
From the oozy moorlands, 'mid the boulders
Cushioned deep in moss and fringed with fern,—

That I wandered, treasuring the beauties,—
Unfamiliar forms to lowland eye,—
Filling all the soul with silent praises
For the glory of the earth and sky?

Let me rather deem that I have gathered,
On the lustrous shore and gleamy hill,
Strength to bravely do the daily duty,
Strength to calmly bear the chancing ill.

Mountain-Pansies.

(MOELYDD, NEAR OSWESTRY.)



UP among the dainty mountain-mosses,
Where the freshest breezes ever blow,
On the slopes that front the open heavens,
There, like gems, the purple pansies grow.

All around are glorious mountain-ranges,
Some in shade and some with sunlight browed,
And soft gleams of green and gold and purple
Fall thro' windy rents of drifting cloud.

Rough and lichenèd rocks, in knolls and ledges,
All their hollows crowded up with fern,
Break the springy turf, and round about them
Golden-blossomed gorses brightly burn.

There, with keen eye gazing on the distance,
Standing on the wild and breezy down,
You can see full many a home and hamlet,—
See the dim spires of the far-off town.

It is here, where all is free and open,
Here, where wild winds ever come and go,
Here, with nought between them and the heavens,
That the gemlike purple pansies grow.

Open all thy soul to God's great glory,
Let all heavenly influence round thee pour,
Then thy heart, like the wide breezy mountain,
Shall with gemlike thoughts be studded o'er.

Converse.

(PENMAENMAWR.)



Two friends sat wrapped in converse low and grave,
Heart open unto heart, hand linked in hand,
Hearing, yet hearing not, the pulsing wave
 Beat on the shadowy strand ;

Gazing in frequent pause with dreaming eye
O'er the wide silver sea into the West,
Making sweet silences, when faint words die,
 And loving hearts take rest ;

Sweet silences, that strangers never know,
Between the murmured words, that, like a dream,
Wander amid the past scenes dim and low,—
 Oh, how far off they seem !

Words following silence, silence following words,
So sped the golden sunset, till the land
Grew dimmer, and the last white flock of birds
 Flashed on the glimmering sand.

Then all at once upstreamed in rippling flow
Of silent rosy waves a second sea,
Surging across all heaven, a trancing show,
 Of gorgeous pageantry !

The feathered cloudlets filled the plains of air,
Ranged by the soft wind's delicate marshalling,
Till you could fancy Angel armies there,
 Nought seen but burnished wing.

Then more low converse till the last rose paled :—
But oh ! if earth may bear such peace and love,
What shall the converse be when earth has failed
 And spirits meet above !

(1867.)

On the Death of Bishop Lonsdale of Lichfield,

Oct. 19, 1867.



THE pulses of a great and loving heart
Are still, and tears are dimming many eyes.
Scarce had the echoing outbursts time to die
That rose but now from that vast deep-stirred
throng,*
Responsive to his gracious parting words,—
Scarce had that voice itself its pleadings ceased
For the dear Church he loved and ruled so well,†
When weary he lay down and fell asleep.
“Labour and sorrow” with his fourscore years
Came not. With sword in hand upon the field
The white-haired warrior fell. Oh, blissful end !

* The Church Congress at Wolverhampton.

† The meeting held at Stafford on the day of his death in behalf of Canon Woodard’s Scheme of Middle-Class Church Education.

Who would not pray, " My last end be like his "?
Full sorely shall we miss the calm wise mind ;
The wide and ready sympathy ; the love
Unselfish, patient, Christlike ; the large soul
That held in its embrace all good and true ;
The single heart that thought and knew no guile.
A noble life hath nobly wrought itself,
And graven in a thousand stricken hearts
A deathless monument that evermore,
Like the fair spires of his own glorious fane,
Stands pointing, calm and motionless, to heaven.

The Last Bathe.*

INTO the arms of a little bay,
Rock-encompassed on either side,
Dredging the many-hued stones as they lay,
Tore and thundered the passionate tide.
All up the slippery slabs of the rocks,
With long white arms and back-strewn locks,
Like forms of Despair that shrieked and sang,
The upward-shivering cataracts sprang.

Father and son stood side by side,
Watching the glorious tide
With its thunderous shocks
Smite the echoing rocks,
And the mighty breakers tower and curl,
Marbled with emerald and pearl
And the backward foam of the yeasty swirl.

* The narrative is true, except that the author was mercifully saved when all seemed over.

And the father said, "Oh, were it not joy
To plunge in those beautiful waves, my boy—
 To be borne on high
 As the billows rush by,
And then deep down in the hollows to lie !
I have never yet swum in so grand a sea,
But I'll dare it to-day, and thou'l dare it with me !"

The huge billow broke
 With a hungry roar,
And its headlong stroke
 Drove the boy to the shore ;
But the father he fought through the battling wave,
And out from the land struck joyous and brave.

The great green lines of the swift strong sea
Came by like charges of cavalry
With their coats of mail and their snowy crests,
But they bore him up on their mighty breasts,

 Up on high
 In their rushing by,
Then dropt him low in the hollow to lie.

 It was joy to brave
 The glorious wave :
He had never swum in a sea so grand,
But he dared it then as he struck from the land.

Sweetest of mothers ! she sits by the bay,
 Half a mile away,

Smiling to see her youngest-born play,
With his little bare feet
Venturing near as the waves retreat,
Then running away,
Half afraid, half in play,
Shouting, "O mother! look, look at the sea!
It *was* such a big one; it nearly caught me!"
Sweetest of mothers! she smiles in her joy—
She smiles for her love of her merry-voiced boy.

He has turned and struck out shoreward again,
And he swims with might and main—
Why is his strength so vain?
The great green rushing mountains of sea
Are coursing shoreward impetuously,
And they lift him high
In their surging by,
Then drop him low in the hollow to lie;
And he swims for dear life, and he thinks each crest,
That lifts him high on its awful breast,
Must carry him onward; but never more
Nears he that coveted shore!

Oh, sweetest mother!—oh, gentlest wife!
Thy loved one is struggling for thee and for life!
The winds have heard that one dread cry,
"I am drowning! Oh, help me!"—but they pipe by
Singing their storm-song lustily:—

And thou, sweet mother, art smiling with joy
As they blow in the locks of thy blue-eyed boy.

A current is sweeping out of the bay
With an under-sucking might ;
And ended at last is the deadly fray,
And fought the desperate fight
Like a broken spar, or a tangled weed,
He is rolled in the billow with none to heed,
And none to help, for the thunderous roar
Is all that is heard on the foam-wreathed shore.

The boy has gazed at last on the sea—
“Oh ! where is my father ? Oh ! where is he ? ”
And his heart turns faint, and his straining eye
Glares in a speechless agony—
Can it be ?—can it be ?

Who will tell her ? Oh ! who will dare ?
Who will go to her there ?
Who will say that the splendid wave
Is of all her life the grave—
That the light of the home is gone,
That the life of her life is done,
That the heart of her heart is no more ?
There she smiles as she sits on the shore.
 Oh ! who will go to her there ?
 Who will dare ?—who will dare ?

The wind fell as the sun went down.
Next day it was calmly bright.
And there on the sandy reaches brown,
With the manifold sea-weed strown,
In the glittering morning light,
Smiling, as if in happy play,
The sea gave up its prey.
There, in its awful soulless glee,
With a musical wash the ebbing sea,
As it bared the broadening lands,
Laid him down exultingly,
Face upwards on the sands.

(1868.)

A Puzzling Question.



“WHY does the Rector keep an ass?”

This was the theme of a hot dispute,
As ruefully cropping the scanty grass
In front of the Rectory stood the brute.

His collar was chained to an iron peg ;
A fetter was strapped to each fore-leg ;
And he brayed out a long-drawn asinine volley,
The essence of musical melancholy.

A lady famed for practical views
Offered a simple explanation :—
‘The donkey,’ quoth she, ‘they constantly use
‘For drawing the Rector’s beer from the station.’

Said a second, ‘For shame ! It is perfectly clear
‘The Rector cannot drink all that beer.
‘I believe that the ass (which is far more pleasant)
‘From some dear friend was a touching present :

‘Perhaps it was little when first he had it,
‘And little donkeys are dear little things,
‘And I’m sure it does his feelings credit
‘If, now it is old, to the beast he clings.’

‘I,’ said an epicure, ‘venture to speak :—
‘You saw in the *Times* how uncommonly well
‘A party of gentlemen only last week
‘Dined upon horse at the Langham Hotel :

‘Well, it strikes me as not such a very bad guess
‘That the Rector, regarding the dearness of food,
‘Thinks if horse-flesh turns out such a savoury mess,
‘In all probability donkey’s as good.’

Said another, ‘My notion is speedily told :
‘The Rector is troubled with corns on his toes,
‘So in primitive guise, like a patriarch old,
‘To visit his flock on his donkey he goes.’

‘What nonsense you talk !’ said a boy fresh from
school,
‘Why, you’d make out the Rector a regular fool :
‘Each summer, I tell you, he gives a school-feast,
‘And to run in the races he keeps the good beast.’

‘Now I have a notion,’ cried one, ‘in my brain :—
‘The Rector for learning a character bears,
‘While his flock are mere rustics, and hard is the strain
‘To bring down his thoughts and his language to theirs :

‘So just as a barber selects the fair tresses,
‘And first manufactures his wigs on a block,
‘To the donkey the Rector his sermons addresses,
‘Thus fitting his words to the brains of his flock,’

Then a lady propounded one other solution,
While a little smile twinkled half-hid in her eye :—
‘The Rector,’ she said, ‘has a constitution
‘Full of brotherly love and sympathy.’

Fairyland Lost and Regained.

(ON RE-VISITING WORKINGTON IN CUMBERLAND.)

THERE is, or there was, for I scarce know which,
Or I once believed there to be,
A home with all golden treasures rich,
On the shore of a Northern Sea.

I knew it well, when a child I played
With the shells on that pebbly strand ;
Never were shells in such hues arrayed
As the shells of my Fairyland !

I knew it well, on the thymy flat
When I gathered a harebell blue ;
Never was harebell so wondrous as that
In my Fairyland which grew !

I knew it well, when the marvellous ships
Lay moored at the harbour quay ;
But the gladdest thing was to watch the dips
Of the boat coming in from the sea.

I have been there again, as a grey-haired man :

 Ah me that I'd stayed away !

I knew the spot where a child I ran

 With the shells and the flowers to play :—

It is not *others* have marred the spot ;

 Nor Time with his pitiless hand

That has wrought the changes which blur and blot

 The light of my Fairyland ;

It was no weird trick of a fairy elf

 That the child or the man beguiled :—

It is I myself that have robbed myself,

 The man that has robbed the child !

Ah me ! for the stunted flowers that stoop

 Their smoke-sickened bells on the lea !

Ah me ! for the sordid collier-sloop

 That steers for the harbour quay !

Ah me ! for the shells that were once so fair !

 For the hues with which they shone !

There are refuse heaps of the shells still there,

 But the grace and the tint are gone.

And yet—and yet—there are pictures twain ;

 And both I have surely seen :

I saw it once, and I saw it again—

 And who shall judge between ?

The child he saw it all tenderly lit
With the light of childish glee :
The man he came and he looked on it,
And he saw—what he could see.

And who shall say that the child's pure eye
Saw not a truer thing.
Than to his critical phantasie
The man's worn sight could bring ?

For I think *that* sight is the truest sight
Of God's own beautiful world
That seeth His teachings of love and of light
In the meanest place unfurled.

And even as it is good to be
A child in heart and in mind,
So I think full often the child can see,
Where the full-grown man is blind.

And of my two pictures the first I choose,
When Fairyland round me smiled :
The man's scant vision I will to lose,
And to see as saw the child !

(1870.)

On the Death of Bishop Gray of Capetown,

SEPT. 1, 1872.



REST, Heart, from all thy pulsing fire that beat
At trumpet-call of high self-sacrifice,
Rest till another trumpet bid thee rise,
Oh, rest from all the burden and the heat !
Champion of God ! no more thine eager feet
Shall track the prints of Him who went before,
And woke thy heart-love for the cross He bore,
And drew thee to Him by His love so sweet.
To thee God's Word was true, for God was true,
Christ's Church beloved for love of Christ who died ;
Well didst thou wield the sword the long day through
To guard from loss the Word, from stain the Bride.
O bravest tenderest heart, all fire, all love !
Thy work is done ! Rest with the saints above !

Two Burials.

[The two following entries stand next to each other in the Register of Whittington Parish, Shropshire, in the year 1877 :—

Sept. 13.—Ellenor Watkins, of Borth, aged 31.

Oct. 9.—Ellenor Watkins, of Borth, aged one month.]

SLEEP, sweet mother ! Thy task is done ;

It is time for thee to rest.

Trustfully leave thy little one

To lie on another's breast.

God's love, O mother, is greater than thine,

And He calls thee away to a peace divine.

Bright was the vision that met her eyes,

Yet it was not wholly fair ;

And sweet were the glades of Paradise,

Yet she missed one sweetness there :

For Heaven itself would lack one grace

Till the mother might look on her little one's face.

And God looked down from His golden throne
On the mother's heart of love,
And He sent to the earth a shining one
To carry her child above ;
And He laid it down on her yearning breast,—
And *then* the mother had perfect rest.

Written in a Lady's Album.



MID warriors, statesmen, poets, and musicians,
Valhalla-names, all crowned with deathless fame,
This is no place for men of lowlier missions,
Of simple life and unhistoric name.

And yet not always are the lives of mortals
With chances of heroic act endowed ;
Valhalla opens not its jealous portals
To every toiler in the passing crowd.

Our greatness lies in doing small things greatly,
And noble motive glorifies the least ;
Therefore, O lady, mid the grand and stately
Scorn not the poor words of a rustic priest.

(1878.)

The Babies' Wood Turkey-Cock.

FACT AND FABLE.



AT Babies' Wood Farm lived a Turkey Cock—
(In Scotland they'd call him a 'Bubbly-Jock')—
A jolly old fellow, portly and stout,
Who stuck out his crop as he strutted about,
And blustered and gobbled and chuckled all day
In a highly self-satisfied sort of a way.
He could swagger and brag at no end of a pace,
And could fly in a rage, and get red in the face,
For I fear that his temper was none of the best,
And was apt now and then to be freely expressed.
On the rest of the poultry he looked with disdain,
And thought no small beer of himself, it was plain :
While, to judge by his countenance, really I think
One might just have suspected him fond of his drink

Now this jolly old bird of wives had a pair,
Matronly, modest, sleek, and fair :
(The Turks in Turkey, if men say true,
Are never content with *less* than two :)

And the worthy creatures, as good wives should,
Each of them hatched him a promising brood.
And he stuck out his crop as he strutted away,
And blustered and gobbled and chuckled all day,
'Oh ! arn't I a swell !' cried this jolly old Turk,
'The hens mind the young ones—that's mere woman's
work.'

Ah, me ! how chequered with trouble and woe
Is the life of men and of birds below !
Lo ! the joy of the eve is the morning's sorrow,
And the pride of to-day the despair of to-morrow !

Alas ! and alas ! for that rollicking bird !
'Tis the mournfullest story that ever was heard :—
The fox, he came stealing at dead of night,
And there rose one horrible scream of fright,
For he pounced alike upon fledgling and mother,
Carrying havoc from one to another,
Till, in merciless wanton thirst of blood,
He had slaughtered the half of the helpless
brood :
And, when on the earth smiled the rosy morn,
There they lay headless and mangled and torn,—
The two fair hens that had been his pride,
And a dozen or so of the pourets beside.
And he, poor fellow, with downcast tail,
And with pendulous crest, and his comb all pale,

Blubbered and gobbled most piteously,
And cackled his grief in a minor key.

Now had he only been man, not bird,
Or had he ever by good luck heard
How Christian fathers at such times do,
He might have been spared much trouble, it's true.
In that case this is what he'd have said :—
‘ My two poor wives are both of them dead ;
‘ It's very sad, but to mourn and fret
‘ Never did any one much good yet.
‘ So I'd better bear it as best I may ;
‘ And as for the little ones, well-a-day !
‘ I can't be bothered with things like those,
‘ Somebody 'll look to them, I suppose.
‘ So, just to cheer up my spirits, I think
‘ I'll go to the public, and have some drink.’

Ah ! but the poor old Bubbly-Jock,
He wasn't a Christian, but only a cock :
So you couldn't expect him to know, like you,
What a Christian in such a case would do.
Besides he had never been to school :—
So what do you think he did, poor fool ?
Why, he called his little ones round about him,
(For how, poor things, could they do without him ?)
And, brushing a tear from the end of his beak,
With a heart-broken gobble began to speak :—

' My dears, since you've lost your mothers, you see
' You'll have for the future to look to me.'

The little ones stood, like dutiful birds,
With their heads on one side, as they pondered his
words ;
But the weather was cold, and for shelter and rest
They longed for just one thing—a mother's warm
breast.

And they longed not in vain ; for the penitent Turk
No longer talks bigly of ' mere woman's work.'
See, he calls them all close, and, without more delay,
He broodles them quite in a motherly way :
And he leads them about, and looks after their food,
And never was mother more kind to her brood.
And now that they all have grown bigger and stronger,
And need his paternal assistance no longer,
You may sometimes detect in the swell of his breast,
In the flirt of his tail, or the hue of his crest,
That the pride of his nature's not out of him quite ;
For he gobbles by day, and he chuckles by night,
Saying ' Arn't I a swell ! For, I swear by my beard,
' There are no finer turkeys than those that I reared.'

MORAL.

All ye unfeathered bipeds ! mark my word :
A man may learn some lessons from a bird.

Barmouth.

(AN AGGRIEVED VISITOR.)

LISTEN, men and maidens fair,
Who to Barmouth do repair,
Seeking health and pastime there,
Basking in its sunny air,
While of grievances a pair
With a sad heart I declare.

First of all, you are aware
That no prospect can compare
(Search the land through everywhere)
With the river view so rare.
How then could those Vandals dare
To block out the sweet view there
By that wall all gaunt and bare
Built along the road so fair?
'Tis enough to make men swear,
And fair maidens tear their hair,
As on tip-toe, in despair,

Vainly they attempt to stare
O'er the stones so rude and square.
Men of Barmouth ! if you care
For the wealth of beauty rare
Which your glades and mountains wear,
Surely from your wall so bare
Two feet you might rightly spare :—
That would just the wrong repair.

But another wrong I bear
In my bosom, rankling there.
Listen, men and maidens fair,
And with me my sorrows share.
Why, oh ! why, I ask, whene'er,
Rising from my easy chair,
I would breathe the balmy air,
Pacing on your thoroughfare,
Seeking to dispel dull care
With the sight of all things fair,—
Why must every rocky lair
On its cloven surface bear—
Not the dainty Maidenhair,
Not the Sea-Fern—would it were !—
But (it is too bad, I swear !)
Posters—hideous, vulgar, square,
That with sallow sickening glare,
Blurring nature, flaunt and flare
On the grey rocks everywhere ?

Men of Barmouth ! hear my prayer :
If a worthy pride you share
In your country, do and dare !
From that wall, so gaunt and bare
Four and twenty inches pare :
And from all the rock-slabs there
Those atrocious posters tear ;
Nor in future let them bear
Ought the eye of taste to scare
Save this—

BILL-STICKERS, BEWARE !

Old and New.

(DONINGTON CHURCH.)



[At the re-opening of this church on April 29, 1879, the tower was lying in ruins, having fallen suddenly a few weeks before.]

LAPSED in ruin, blotted from the landscape,
Lies the ancient belfry to the West :
Graced with loving tendance, Nave and Chancel
Eastward rise in novel beauty dressed.

Yet amid the gifts of new adornment
Age-worn carvings bear their sombre part,
And the fair proportions witness ever
To the old-world builders' reverent art.

And I see it rise—that ancient belfry—
Once more perfecting the maimèd view,
(Life and order out of death and ruin,)
Old in plan, in strength and structure new.

Thus for self, and thus for Church and Nation,
We would pray Thee, Lord, the life to mould,
In the great unfoldings of Thy mercy
Interblending still the new and old.

Teach Thy children, still with reverence tracing
Saintly footprints in the ancient ways,
All new gifts of strength and grace and wisdom
Upward ever on the old to raise.

Thrift the Plant.*

(ARMERIA VULGARIS.)



ON sandy wastes, ere yet the frugal root
Of tender grass can feed the springing shoot,
Fringing each sterile bank and rocky rift
Green grow the tufted cushions of the Thrift.

Thick set with grass-like leaves it nestles there,
A home for statelier herbage to prepare ;
And, graceful in its modest duty, robes
The strand with rosy Lilliputian globes.

Nor will our dainty flower the task disdain,
Trim order in our gardens to maintain,
Guarding from wanton growth or ruthless tread
The shapely outline of each chequered bed.

Ah, well-named flower ! For of a Thrift we sing
Skilled, like thyself, a fertile growth to bring,
In barren wastes with Hope's sweet verdure rife,
The pledge and potency of statelier life !

* Written for the first number of the Periodical "Thrift."

Our Thrift shall fertilize the springing blade,
And fence our life-plots with a fairy braid ;
'Tis better worth, and comelier beside,
Than that rank Saxifrage called "London Pride ! "

(1883.)

London Pride.

(SAXIFRAGA UMBROSA.)

(An Apology.)*



Poor London Pride ! Forgive the cruel wrong
I did thee in my ill-considered song.
"Comparisons are odious," I know,
And 'twas not fair, dear flower, to treat thee so.
Thou art not proud, so pleads thine advocate,
And I confess my error, tho' so late.
Thy dubious name speaks not thy quality,
But rather argues London proud of thee.
For I have seen thee in the sylvan glen,
Deep hidden from the curious gaze of men,
Crowning the mossy boulder, low between
The lacing willows and the brooklet's sheen.
I've seen thee where thou lovest best to dwell
Gracing green Erin's cooler hill and dell,

* The author received a remonstrance against the last line of the preceding poem.

Showering thy leafy wealth and floral spray
With lavish love to make lone mountains gay.
Yet dost thou not our meaner tracts despise,
Smoke-laden breezes, fog-encumbered skies,
With face of gay content disdaining not
The unkempt nook of urban garden-plot.
Oh, humble Pride ! Thy just revenge forego,
And in my London garden come and blow.

(1883.)

The Boy Hero.

(A TRUE STORY IN ITS MAIN FACTS.)



CHILDREN, listen to the story I will try my best to tell,

Of a hero brave as any that in battle nobly fell ;

It was not in long-past ages, nor in country far away,
But the scene was Bristol city, and it was the other day ;

And the hero of my story was a boy but six years old,

Yet I think his name is worthy to be written up in gold.

Johnnie Carr and Willie Stephens went out playing in the street,

Willie was two years the younger, and his face was pale and sweet ;

Little Willie ! pretty Willie ! many a stranger passing by turned and smiled at little Willie with his wide blue wondering eye.

Johnnie Carr was strong and rosy, curly haired, and
hazel eyed,
Bright and merry—who can wonder Johnnie was his
mother's pride?
Yet there was a spark of mischief lurking in those
dimpled cheeks,
Though you never could be angry at his little thought-
less freaks.

Willie's hoop, see, he has taken, running laughing
on before ;
Little Willie tries to catch him, till he scarce can follow
more :
Then the tears come, yet he follows with his little
weary feet,
Follows to the fields and hedges far beyond the busy
street ;
Then he sits beside the pathway, crying in his childish
woe,
Weeping sadly for his mother, asking home again to go.
Chilly is the autumn evening, quickly falls the deepen-
ing shade ;
Johnnie takes the little hand and bids him not to be
afraid.
So a little while they wander, but they miss the home-
ward track,
And the wind is blowing colder, and the night comes
drear and black.

‘Oh, I am so tired, Johnnie !’ little Willie sadly cries;

‘And I’m cold and hungry, Johnnie !’ Tears are now in Johnnie’s eyes :

He has teased the little fellow, and he’s full of sad remorse,

‘Get up, Willie,’ he is saying ; ‘get up ; I will be your horse.’

Then upon his back he took him, staggering on beneath his load,

Staggering just a little distance on the dark and friendless road ;

But the burden was too heavy, and he set poor Willie down :—

Sorely puzzled now was Johnnie how to get to Bristol town.

‘Don’t be frightened, Willie,’ said he ; ‘we will stop out here to-night,

‘And we’ll find our way directly when there comes the morning light.’

On a gate they sat a little, then said Johnnie, ‘Let us look,

‘P’rhaps within the field behind us we may find a sheltered nook.’

So into the field they clambered, and a sheltered nook they found,

Where the little tired fellows laid them down upon the ground.

But the sodden earth was chilly, and they shivered
lying there,
Little Willie, cold and hungry, sobbing for his mother's
care.

Then got up our little hero—he was only six years
old,
Yet he could not bear that Willie should be crying
with the cold.
In his brave love all unconscious, just in simple
childish guise,
Never thinking he is sharing in a mightier Sacri-
fice,
Johnnie took his little jacket, laid it down to make a
bed,
And his other clothing simply over little Willie
spread :
Then himself laid down uncovered (save his little
socks and shirt),
Thinking, 'I am strong, but Willie's very small and
shan't be hurt.'

With a start there came to Johnnie sudden thought
of One who cares
For His children, and he whispered, 'Willie, we forgot
our prayers.'
There they knelt, the little fellows, side by side upon
the sod,

With their simply lisped 'Our Father' casting all their care on God.

Then once more they lay enfolded in each other's arms so fast,

And the night wind bleak and cruel froze them with its chilling blast.

See those fathers, half distracted, friends and neighbours pressing near,

Into every nook and corner how with eager haste they peer !

See those mothers, broken-hearted for their darlings, how they gaze

Wheresoe'er the friendly lanterns high uplifted cast their rays !

Aye, but chiefly, as the tide falls, longing much yet dreading more,

Hollow-eyed the oozy mud-banks of the river they explore.

Hour by hour of chill and darkness (oh, how slow the morning light !)

In their hopeless search they wander all that long and dreadful night.

It is morning : they have found them. Lo ! a labourer on his way

Came upon them as still folded in each other's arms they lay.

They are breathing, barely breathing, all unconscious,
cold as stone :

Noble Johnnie ! pretty Willie ! yes, the life has not
quite flown.

And they take them to a cottage, and they chafe each
frozen limb ;

Little Willie has been covered, there is better hope
for him,

And the mothers stand there watching, and their tears
are falling fast.

Little Willie's eyelids tremble ; yes, there's hope for
him at last !

See the warm milk he has swallowed ! See, he sighs
a little sigh !

Then he smiles, as on his mother he uplifts his large
blue eye.

But the little hero, Johnnie—ah ! they chafe his limbs
in vain !

Never shall his merry laughter echo through the house
again.

Faint and fainter comes his breathing, marble white
that open brow ;

Who will dare to speak of comfort to those stricken
watchers now ?

‘O my Johnnie ! O my Johnnie ! speak to me one
little word !’

Sobbed the mother, but I know not whether Johnnie
ever heard.

Yet at once, as one awaking, with his eyelids open wide,

Just one word he whispered faintly—it was, 'Willie!—then he died.

In the churchyard Johnnie's sleeping underneath the grassy mould :

No one puts a stone upon it lettered with the tale in gold :—

'Neath this stone a little hero, Johnnie Carr of Bristol, lies,

'Who to save his little playmate gave his life a sacrifice.'

Children ! think how, when the nations gather round the mighty throne,

He who gave His life for others will claim Johnnie for His own.

Think how full of strange sweet wonder will the gracious tidings be,

'What thou didst to little Willie, that I count as done to Me.'

A Tale of the London Mission of 1874.



‘COME in! Come in!’ the lady said,—the door stood open wide,

The church was bright, and young and old were ranging side by side:

The lady’s look was soft and grave, her voice was low and sweet:—

The girl half stopped and turned—and then went faster down the street.

One moment, and a gentle hand upon her arm was pressed,

‘Oh, won’t you stay?’ the kind voice said, ‘Come in, come in and rest:

‘The missioner will preach to-night, and all the church is free,

‘You won’t refuse me now, my child; come in, and sit by me.’

‘No, no,’ she said, yet stopped and looked, (it was not hard to trace

The conflict passing like a cloud across that fair young face)—

Then hastily, as though she feared her heart at last
might fail,
Passed in and sat beside the door, so weary, sad, and
pale.
The preacher spoke of God's great love, and how the
Saviour blest
Called weary souls to come to Him that He might
give them rest.
He spoke no grand or learned words, he used no
studied art,
He simply spoke as one who tried to reach his
brother's heart.
It was the old old story, that can never pall or
tire
When the lips with grace are fervent, and the heart
with love on fire.
And the lady marked how one by one the tear-drops
grew and fell,
While eagerly those wistful eyes were fixed as by a
spell.
And then a hymn rose all around—no cultured
choir's display,
For every voice and every heart seemed moved to
sing that day ;
And faster, faster, rained the tears, for with the well-
known air
Came back her childhood's happy days, her childhood's
home so fair.

She sees her father's thin white locks, her mother's
loving eyes—

This night she cannot put aside the memory, if she tries :
She sees—she cannot help but see—the little sister
sweet ;

She hears upon the broad old stairs the little patter-
ing feet :

They laid her in the old churchyard beneath the
sombre yew—

And 'Oh ! my God !' the poor girl sobs, 'that I were
laid there too !'

And now the preacher stands and waits, and bids
who will to stay,

For he is yearning for their souls, and he has more
to say.

The lady still is kneeling there, but kneeling all alone,
She lifts her head,—alas ! the girl has left the church
and gone.

She had so yearned to take her hand and help her,
and she sighs

To think of that poor suffering face, those eager tear-
ful eyes.

The pleading voice has ceased, yet still a scattered
few are there,

As one by one the Missioner kneels by their side in
prayer :

And one by one they pass away with hearts that throb
to feel

They have been very near to One whose touch hath
power to heal.

‘Oh ! had that poor child only stayed and told her
tale of grief,’

The lady thinks, ‘ perchance she too had found the
blest relief ! ’

And now from out the silent church she with a
friend departs ;

Their words are few, but fewest words speak best
from fullest hearts.

They part at last ; and there behold ! half eager and
half shy,

The girl with those poor tear-stained cheeks, that sad
beseeching eye.

‘ Oh, it was long to wait,’ she said, ‘ I thought it ne’er
would end :

‘ And then I could not speak to you, for you were
with your friend ;

‘ Oh, help me, help me, if you can ! ’ The lady gently
smiled—

‘ I will,’ she said, ‘ but God is Love, and He will
help His child.’

Oh, no ! oh, no ! ’ the poor girl cried, despair in
every tone,

‘ You cannot know how far away from His true fold
I’ve gone.

- ‘I’m not as one who never knew ; time was I used to pray,
‘I tried to do the right, but oh ! I’ve sinned His Love away !
‘Five years have passed since I wrote home, and now I cannot tell
‘Whether my parents are alive : they don’t know where I dwell.
‘And all that time I never once have crossed the church’s door
‘Until this night—and now, O God ! there’s hope for me no more !’
‘Nay, nay, that can’t be true, my child,’ (and oh ! like gentle rain
The words fell on that withered heart and softened it again) ;
‘Why did God let me come to you ? Why did He let you stay,
‘Unless He had some word of hope to speak to you to-day ?
‘Oh, offer Him this very night that worthiest sacrifice,
‘The broken and the contrite heart which He will not despise.
‘We both have need of pardoning grace ; yes, sister, we will lay
‘Our sin-stained souls before His feet, and for His mercy pray.

‘And promise me one thing—this night, before aught else you do,

‘That you will to your mother write, and ask her pardon too.’

‘I will,’ she sobbed; and then her hand the lady kindly took,

And bade her read the blessed words of peace in God’s own Book.

‘I have no Bible now,’ she said: the lady sadly smiled,

‘That must not be,’ she said, ‘take mine; and now good night, my child.’

Next morning at a hospital the lady needs must call—

Ah! little dreamt she of the tale that on her ears would fall.

Why runs the nurse to meet her there ere she can speak a word?

‘Oh! is it not most strange and sad! Nay, surely you have heard?

‘A girl has been brought in to-day, but only just to die,

‘By some rough driver in the street struck down and left to lie.

‘We know her not, but you may know, for, strange as it may sound,

‘A Bible with your name in it was all the clue we found.’

'Oh, let me see,' the lady said, 'I think I know too well—
'Yes, it is she—but tell me, nurse, whate'er there is
to tell.'
'Not much,' she said, 'but once she spoke, before
she passed away;
'We thought she gasped, "Thank God! Thank God!
this was not yesterday!"'

Next day there stood before the gate, with hearts
too full to speak,
A father with his thin white locks, a mother grave
and meek.
The kind folk at the lodging-house had guessed their
errand well,
And sent them on, but had not heart the thing they
knew to tell.
The lady sees them standing there; she knows who
it must be;
No need to ask them who they are, or whom they
come to see.
She runs to meet them—'Yes,' she cries, 'I know
what you would say;
'Your child is here; my poor, poor friends, it
happened yesterday.
'Come in, come in: God comfort you, and make
you firm and brave,
'For oh! your child has gone to Him, and found
Him strong to save.'

And then she took them by the hand like little children weak ;

They went with her, scarce knowing aught, too stunned to think or speak.

And then she told them all the tale, in loving words and slow :—

Ah me ! they came to find their child—and they have found her so !

She lay there white and beautiful, no trace of conflict now,

No lines that told of sin or shame upon that marble brow.

The aged pair they knelt beside the bed where she was laid,

And “Not our will but Thine be done !” amid their sobs they prayed.

What though the flower of childhood’s grace no more be blooming there,

His snow-white lily Death has laid upon that form so fair.

“Blest are the pure in heart”—so once the Friend of sinners cried :—

Yet not unblest, methinks, are those whom He has purified !

To the Primate Designate.

[Written on the news of the nomination of the Bishop of Truro (Benson) to the Primacy.]

As full of awe as Death's own awful call,
The voice that from thy dear young Western flock
Summons thee to the forefront of the field.
For thine the charge, 'mid darkling cloud and storm,
To hold on high the banner of the Cross,
Rallying the armies of the God of hosts.
Nay, sterner tasks are thine : we summon thee
From strange confusions to elicit peace ;
To blend with strength of ancient loyalty
The impetuous forces of swift-rushing days ;
To weave the web of old historic power
With woof of newer thoughts and fresher life ;
To trace high principle 'mid tangled facts ;
To bravely spurn the false, maintain the true.
'The Church hath need of thee, thou man of God !
Oh, win the Christless thousands back to her ;

Oh, shrine her in a nation's loyal trust ;
Oh, crown her with a people's generous love !
God make thee wise and strong and brave to guard
Her life, her unity, her liberties !

December 1882.

Pencil or Pen.

(CWM ELAN, NEAR RHAYADR.)



OH, for the spell of the artist's brush,
To carry this golden glen,
And to set it there 'mid the roar and rush
Of wearily toiling men !

They should gaze on the mountain's eloquent face,
They should breathe its fragrant air,
And perchance a dream of the wondrous grace
Might lighten a dim heart there.

Ah, toiler ! not for myself alone
Would I love all fair things well ;—
Thou shalt sit with me on my mossy throne
At the foot of the upland dell.

Thou shalt gaze with me on the mountain sweep,
With its manifold changeful hue ;
Thou shalt watch with me the cloudlet sleep
On the breast of the changeless blue.

Here purple with heather, there green with fern,
The broad slopes gleam afar ;
And ruddy the slanting sun-rays burn
In the thorn-bush on the scar.

Thou shalt watch the stream, from pool to pool
Singing and smiling still,
In its mimic waterfalls, bright and cool,
As it drops from the far-drawn hill.

See how it creeps by the alder-roots
And the mosses brown and green !
See how in silver bars it shoots
The boulder-stones between !

See how the fountains of snowy spray,
As joyously on they run
Over the level slabs of grey,
Are dancing in the sun !

I envied thee, painter, thy artist eye,
As I looked on the hollow hill ;
Yet are there no graces too softly shy
For the magic of thy skill ?

Lo ! wonderful mosses and tiny flowers
Make the marge of the streamlet fair,
For it is not a grudging hand that dowers
The glen with its beauty rare.

And the mystic wonder of the place,
In things both great and small,
Is the witchery of exquisite grace
That crowns and perfects all.

And while thou, O artist, the great things seest,
And the splendour, as 'tis meet,
I may turn my freer gaze to feast
On the small grace at my feet.

The Pimpernel twines its tender thread
'Mid the mosses green and wet,
And the Sundew nestles in russet bed
With its glistening coronet.

The Wild-thyme curves out its fretted spray,
And many a cushion swells
Of the Ivy-leaved Campanula
With its thousand fairy bells.

Then the magic pencil I'll crave no more,
But I'll wield my uncouth pen,
And the mosses and flowers shall bring their store
For the solace of weary men.

And the care-worn toiler in dusty ways
The things that I see shall see,
And shall sing to the Giver his song of praise,
As he shares my joy with me.

Poetry and the Poor.



‘THE world is very beautiful !’ I said,
As yesterday, beside the brimming stream,*
Glad and alone, I watched the tremulous gleam
Slant thro’ the wintry wood, green carpeted
With moss and fern and curving bramble-spray,
And bronze the thousand russet margin-reeds,
And in the sparkling holly glint and play,
And kindle all the briar’s flaming seeds.

‘The world is very horrible !’ I sigh,
As, in my wonted ways, to-day I thread
Chill streets, deformed with dim monotony,
Hiding strange mysteries of unknown dread,—
The reeking court, the breathless fever-den,
The haunts where things unholy throng and brood ;
Grim crime, the fierce despair of strong-armed men,
Child-infamy, and shameless womanhood.

* By the river below the Churchyard at Salwarpe, Worcester-shire.

And men have looked upon this piteous thing—
Blank lives unvisited by beauty's spell—
And said, 'Let be : it is not meet to bring
' Dreams of sweet freedom to the prison-cell.
' Sing them no songs of things all bright and fair,
' Paint them no visions of the glad and free,
' Lest with purged sight their miseries they see,
' And, thro' vain longings, pass to black despair.'

O brother, treading ever-darkening ways,
O sister, whelmed in ever-deepening care,
Would God we might unfold before your gaze
Some vision of the pure, and true, and fair !
Better to know, tho' sadder things be known,
Better to see, tho' tears half blind the sight,
Than thraldom to the sense, and heart of stone,
And horrible contentment with the night.

Oh ! bring we then all sweet and gracious things
To touch the lives that lie so chill and drear,
That they may dream of some diviner sphere,
Whence each soft ray of love and beauty springs.
Each good and perfect gift is from above ;
And there is healing for Earth's direst woes ;
God hath unsealed the springs of light and love,
To make the desert blossom as the rose.

The Blind and the Deaf.



I MARKED a blind man, at the pulsing hush
Of thousand-voiced low-breathing harmony,
Illumined with deep rapture's eager flush,
And all forgetful that he could not see.

I marked a deaf man gaze with trancèd awe
On sunset skies with God's own splendour crowned,
All lost in marvel at the things he saw,
And all forgetful that he heard no sound.

The blind man saw in vision, as he heard,
Sights that to seeing eyes are veiled and dim :
The deaf man, as he gazed, caught many a word
Of love and gladness whispered but to him.

So God for each had compensation meet,
Rounding to fulness either narrowed sphere :—
But what when, gathered at the Healer's feet,
The blind wake up to see, the deaf to hear !

My Clergy.

L

“CHRIST pleased not Himself;” the Master’s lore,
Bowed at His feet, full well the servant learnt;
For in his breast a strong pure love there burnt,
That for unlovely souls but glowed the more.
Full many a wounded lamb he homeward bore,
As all night long he paced the desolate street,
Winning, with love most patient, far-strayed feet
From the dark paths that they had known before.
Keen-eyed to judge, in action quick and sure,
No trumpet-blower, scorning all display,
Of simple life, a brother of the poor;
Yet had he genial mood and store of mirth,
And all the poor lads loved his kindly sway,
And knew they had one friend upon the earth.

II.

FROM house to house on pastoral mission bound,
Or duly to God's temple day by day,
With hurrying step he passes on his way,
Ever in duty's lowly pathway found.
Scant leisure wins he from the ceaseless round
Of varied service—now by sick men's bed,
Now 'mid the little ones—well skilled to shed
The light which makes this dark earth hallowed
ground.
No ruffled brow the vain intruder meets,
Smiling he gives the time he holds so dear,
And those he gives to know not that he gives.
With kindly cheer both rich and poor he greets ;
And on that open brow 'tis written clear,
That for his God and for his flock he lives.

III.

Of joyous eloquence in word and mien,
Whether with kindling eye and ringing voice
Telling the news which bids the soul rejoice,
Or with bright pleasantry in homelier scene
Seeking the toiler from his care to wean :
No thrice-told toils his gladsome spirit broke ;
For simple love of our poor Eastern folk
Deep-rooted in his heart of hearts had been.
He was no stern ecclesiastic, bound
In iron rules, but held there still to be
In alien modes some virtue to be found :
Yet for his Church he wrought with voice and pen,
Blending old order with new liberty,
And asking for reward but souls of men.

IV.

LIKE some tall rock that cleaves the headlong might
Of turgid waves in full flood onward borne,
So stood he, fronting all the rage and scorn,
And calmly waiting the unequal fight.
He fashioned his ideal—stately rite,
High ceremonial, shadowing mystic lore ;
The Cross on high before the world he bore,
Yet lived to serve the lowliest day and night.
He could not take offence : men held him cold ;
Yet was his heart not cold, but strongly just,
And full of Christ-like love for young and old.
They knew at last, and tardy homage gave ;
They crowned him with a people's crown of trust ;
And strong men sobbed in thousands at his grave.

V.

THE genial friend, the ever-welcome guest,
Of keenly-flashing wit and strenuous mien,
With home ancestral in the woodlands green
Courting to rural joys and leisured rest ;
Yet this the dwelling-place he chose as best,
Where all the wild sea-life of many a coast
Flings on our river-marge its motley host
To swell the surge of sin and strife unblest.
What though from land to land he loves to roam
Keen-eyed and eager-hearted as a boy,
Yet evermore his heart is in his home ;
And there he rules with strong but gracious sway,
And sad men catch the infection of his joy
As cheery-voiced he greets them on their way.

VI.

His love held all the world in its embrace :
He was a man ; and nought that toucheth men
His human heart e'er counted alien,
Some germ of good in each one skilled to trace.
'Mid sordid homes he fixed his dwelling-place,
And there, with her whose wide heart beat to share
His every well-planned scheme and generous care,
He lived to soothe the sad and raise the base.
The old paths hold him not : nor Church nor Creed
Bars the on-rushing flood of woe and wrong ;
There must be ventures in this hour of need :
Like Orpheus to the nether shades forlorn,
He will go down in love (for love is strong)
And lead them out into the light of morn.

VII.

SUNLIGHT was round about him everywhere :
He left his sylvan home and soft repose
To toil 'mid lives unblest and graceless woes,
And with him a strange spell of joy he bare.
The rough men greeted as he passed them there,
And children put their little hands in his,
Or held wan wistful faces up to kiss,
And careworn women smiled away their care.
Brave-hearted went he forth, in manly cheer,
Smiling his bright smile on the lone and sad,
Treading with free firm foot the sordid ways ;
And as the light that shone in him so clear
Broke forth around to make the world more glad,
He found his life one psalm of ceaseless praise.

VIII.

‘WE know no God,’ they cry, ‘we cannot know:’—
Not carnal men, who dare not face the light,
But strong men, lovers of the truth and right,
And inly wroth with human wrong and woe.
And ofttimes to their gatherings one would go,
Full weary, with his Lord’s-day labour o’er,
Yet yearning all their troubles to explore,
And brave with manly sympathy’s warm glow.
He set his faith in midst of fiercest fires,
Daring all loss, accepting wound and scar,
That he might bring souls out into the light :
For his was love that never faints or tires,
And his was faith that, like the silver bar,
Comes from the furnace but more strong and bright.

IX.

AT morn he fed his soul with Angels' food,
Holding with Heaven high mystic communing,
That from the mount some radiance he might bring
Down to the weary earth-bound multitude.
At night among the reckless throng he stood,
Sharer of all their mirth and revels gay,
Yet holding over all a watchful sway,
And tempering every rude ungracious mood.
Not in cheap words he owned mankind his kin,
For them his life, his all, he yearned to spend,
That he their love and trust might wholly win,
And all their rough ways to his moulding bend,
Shielding them from the unholy grasp of sin,
And owned by them a brother and a friend.

(1884.)

Cbarity.



THE rich man gave his dole, nor ill-content
To find his heart still moved by hūman woe :
The poor man to his neighbour simply lent
The scanty savings he could scarce forego.

The one passed on, and asked to know no more :
The other's wife all night, with pity brave,
That neighbour's dying child was bending o'er,
And never deeming it was much she gave.

Oh ! God forgive us that we dare to ask
Solace of costless gifts and fruitless sighs !
Scorn on the sigh that shuns the unwelcome task,
The dole that lacks the salt of sacrifice !

No gilded palm the crushing weight may lift ;
No soothing sigh the maddening woe may cure :
'Tis Love that gives its wealth to every gift ;
Ill would the poor man fare without the poor.

“*Pasce Verbo, Pasce Vitâ.*”

—ST. BERNARD.



Lo ! this one preached with fervent tongue :
The world went forth to hear ;
Upon his burning words they hung,
Intent, with ravished ear.

Like other lives the life he led,
Men spake no word of blame :
And yet unblest, unprofited,
The world went on the same.

Another came, and lived, and wrought,
His heart all drawn above ;
By deeds, and not by words, he taught
Self-sacrificing love.

No eager crowds his preaching drew ;
Yet one by one they came ;
The secret of his power they knew,
And caught the sacred flame.

And all around, as morning light
Steals on with silent wing,
The world became more pure and bright,
And life a holier thing.

Ah ! Pastor, is thy heart full sore
At all this sin and strife ?
Feed with the Word, but oh ! far more
Feed with a holy life.

(1884.)

Gentleman John.

A TALE TOLD AT A VILLAGE INN TO A NATURALISTS'
FIELD-CLUB ON A WET DAY.

(Founded on fact.)

It's a tale you want, sirs? Well, to be sure, it's a
right down nasty day,
And the quarry's uncommon dirty where them fossils
mostly lay.
But when they told me to meet you, and show you
the way to go,
I thought I'd best look out a few of the shells and
things, you know :
You can have them up at my cottage ; there's a tidy
lot, I think ;
You can give the men at the quarry just a shilling or
two for drink.
P'raps you'll be coming again, sirs ; I should like to
take you round,
And we'd have a look at the shale stuff where them
butterflies are found ;

Of course I know that's not what they are ; it's the
name they call them by ;

They were telling me they're the ancientest things
that ever lived, well nigh ;

You'll know all about 'em, sirs, no doubt. I ask your
pardon, though,

You're wanting to hear some sort of a tale to while
the time, I know.

Well, I'm taken rather aback, sirs, like a parson the
other day,

A stranger that came to our church ; he's a friend of
the squire's, they say :

Well, our parson was took right poorly in the middle
of a prayer,

So he sends and asks the stranger to preach to us,
then and there :

So he ups and gets in the pulpit, and gives out a
decent text ;

Then he hums and haws and stammers till you wonder
what he'll do next.

Thinks I to myself, Well, I don't know but what I
could do as well,

It's a curious sort of a parson that's got no tale to
tell.

And now you ask for a story, I'm taken aback, you
see,

And maybe the stranger parson could do it better
than me.

I haven't been foreman here, sirs, not much above a year ;
It was my wife that brought me, she was born and bred up here ;
So I don't know much of the old world things the folk about might know ;
And somehow one doesn't hear such now, as one used to long ago.
We're getting desperate new, sirs, now there's such a lot of schools ;
And the young ones, with their learning, they count us old ones fools.
Why, there's lots of words where I was bred one used to hear men speak,
That now-a-days they don't understand any more than if 'twere Greek.
I was down there just at Christmas-time, but I scarcely knew the place,
They've got a railway station now, and the church clock's got a new face,
And the old pews in the church all gone, and the old stocks on the green ;
It's all right, I dare say, but dear ! what changes I have seen !
Them Christmas carols too—no doubt they were something old and queer,—
'Three ships came sailing on the sea,' and 'The running of the deer,'—

Why, I used to sing them once myself; well, they're gone with all the rest :
The parson's taught them new ones, but I liked the old ones best.

I'm 'something slow at starting,' you say? Well, I won't deny it's true ;
But I'm thinking and thinking all the time what tale I can find for you.
Well, p'raps it's as good as another :—so, gentlemen, if you please,
I'll tell you a bit of a story that happened over the seas.
It's nothing to do with hereabouts, nor with days of long ago,
If there arn't much in it, you'll please excuse, but I'll tell you what I know.
I've had a roving life, you see, and some few years gone by
We thought we'd go to America our fortune there to try.
We'd got a cousin there doing well, and so it came to pass,
We sold what bits we had, and away we sailed with our little lass.
Well, we didn't make our fortune, but that's neither here nor there ;
We went to some mining works far West, and a roughish lot we were.

I might have done better in time no doubt, but I
wasn't content to stay ;
It was no fit place for the missis, nor yet for our little
. May.
They were godless rowdy chaps, and they'd drink,
and fight, and curse ;—
I arn't so very particular, but I knew they made me
worse.

One day there came to our quarries a fellow
seeking a job ;
Not like the rest of our chaps a bit—he looked a sort
of a nob ;
Tall, good-looking enough, with his clothes well-made
but worn ;
But his hands they were soft and white as a girl's,—
he wasn't to labour born.
He was very quiet and silent, we chaps all called him
high ;
Well, p'rhaps he was, and p'rhaps he wasn't ; you'll
know more bye-and-bye.
They gave him work, and at it he went, and blistered
his hands with the pick ;
He worked as if he was paid by the piece,—there was
none of us worked so quick.
Of course we didn't best like it, but he wasn't one to ask
Leave of another man, you see, when he'd set his
mind to a task.

He got some rough words, you may be sure, from the
chaps he worked among,
But they never could get his blood up, tho' they
didn't oil the tongue :
Till one day one of them says to his mate, 'When a
fellow never speaks,
'It's my belief as he's robbed a bank, and run away
from the beaks.'
Then you should have seen the flash in his eye, and
his cheeks in a burning glow,
And down with the pick, and up with his fist, and he
floors him with just one blow ;
Then back to his work as if nothing had passed, and
the chaps all looking on ;—
But somehow after that day it was he got nicknamed
'Gentleman John.'

They got to like him middling at last, for they soon
began to learn,
Give him a chance, and he'd always do a fellow a
kindly turn.

He lived out a bit beyond us, and passed by every
day,
But he never passed without a smile and a word for
our little May.

Sometimes, when he'd see her out of doors, he'd give
a turn to his hand,
Ever so slight, but the little lass (bless her !) she'd
understand ;

And she'd slip her little hand in his, and trot along
by his side,—

He never said much to her, I think, but the child
was satisfied.

And when he got to his door he'd stoop, and just say,
'Goodbye, May,'

And give her a kiss on her forehead, and send her
skipping away.

A sweet little thing our May is, with soft brown
hair, and blue-eyed,

Tho' I that shouldn't say it;—you'll pardon a father's
pride:

I *am* a bit foolish about her, I know; well, gentlemen,
let that pass;

But somehow I think I never saw a bonnier little lass.
She's a way of smiling all over like, with eyes and
mouth and chin,—

But, bless me, sirs, I can never stop if on this tack I
begin.

Well, months went on, and then for two days no
Gentleman John came by;

The missus wondered, and as for the child, she
looked like going to cry;

So the second evening I just stepped on to see what
I could learn,—

'Down with the fever,' was what they said, 'and a
terrible nasty turn.'

When I came back, my wife got up, and looked at
me as she stood,—

I know that look ; it means to say as arguing's no
good,—

'I must go and nurse him,' was all she said, and I
didn't say her nay,

And she went that night, and we were left—that's me
and little May.

My wife (God bless her !) I often said as she was
born a nurse,

(If ever you gentlemen's taken bad, may you never
have a worse !)

The way she'd go about the room, so gentle and
smiling and bright,

Noticing every little thing, and putting all tidy and right !

And she'd sit with her work beside the bed, waiting
till you would stir,—

Why there's children there as would only take their
physic-stuff from her.

That woman where John was lodging, she never could
keep awake

To give you your physic, nor notice when the pillows
wanted a shake ;

One time she'd seem to forget you, and another she'd
give you no peace,

And she'd smoke the milk in the pudding, and bring
up the broth all grease.

Well-meaning, no doubt ; but what of that ? There's
well-meaning folks I've known
That had better learn to do something well, and let
well-meaning alone.
No, sirs, my wife was right, I say ; she knew what her
conscience bid :
She said as she'd go and nurse him,—and go and
nurse him she did.

The child she fretted a bit at first, and seemed like
quite subdued,
Her singing and laughing was stopped, and she scarce
could take to her food :
And the sort of scare that was in her eye (she'd no
need to use her tongue)
When I came home with the latest news—it was
curious in one so young.
I always went of an evening, after my work was done,
And my wife she'd come to a window, and tell me
how things went on ;
And when she couldn't leave him, or was resting
tired out quite,
A Bible put up in the window would tell me that all
was right.
He moidered and rambled off and on for six weeks
night and day ;
But one thing we couldn't understand—he was always
calling May :

And now he'd call her his sweetheart, and now his
darling wife,—

We couldn't help laughing a bit, you know, tho' he
hung betwixt death and life.

We said not a word to May, for indeed we were
something vexed,

It seemed so silly, and what to think of it all we were
right perplexed.

Well, at last one day he fell asleep, and slept like a
little child ;

And when he woke he'd come to himself, and he
looked at my wife and smiled ; . . .

And he asked her what was the matter, and what
had made him so weak,

And she told him about his illness, but she wouldn't
let him speak ;

Not then at least ; but after a while, when he seemed
to mend a bit,

She fancied he'd something on his mind, tho' he
never hinted it.

But one fine day he'd been lying still, when he asked
her sudden and quick,

‘Did I talk any nonsense, missus, when I was lying
sick?’

So she laughed, and told him of course he'd talked
some little foolish and wild,

As they mostly do in the fever, and how he'd been
calling the child.

So he lay a little silent, and then says, 'Missus, some day
I'll tell you all about it, but it wasn't *your* little May.'

She learnt it by little and little ; for he told her
as he could ;
He liked to talk about all the past, and he said it
did him good.
And my wife, I know how she'd sit there, speaking
scarcely a word,
But looking as if it were all her own—the trouble,
I mean, she heard.
Somehow men liked to tell her their bits of troubles
and scares ;
She'd mostly find them some comfort to drive away
their cares.
Well, the story was sad enough, sirs, as you'll hear
before it's done ;
May, you see, was the parson's daughter, and he was
the squire's son.
I thought he'd a bit of breeding, and I said so all
along,
Tho' I blame the fellow, and so did my wife, and
she told him he'd done wrong.
'Why, what had he done?' Beg pardon, sirs, I was
letting my thoughts run on ;
I suppose he *was* a bit headstrong and proud ;—but
all that's past and gone.

You see, sirs, telling a story's like driving out here
from the town,

Sometimes you'll be going up hill, and sometimes
you'll be going down.

Well, they'd played together as boy and girl, and he
showed my missus one day

A picture he'd got of her as a child—it was desperate
like our May.

But it wasn't till John was growing up, leastwise no
more a boy,

And May was as bright as a summer morning, but
getting a little coy,

When her brother brought a young college chap to
spend a week or two,

A nice young fellow enough, John said, but till then
he never knew

He cared so much for the girl; but now he found
that he couldn't 'bide

That another fellow was all day long a dangling at
her side;

While he that met them just now and then could
see, tho' she was but a child,

He was over head and ears in love, and it almost
drove him wild.

The parson, he was a busy man, and had other things
in hand,

And the parson's wife wasn't over strong, so the young
ones took command;

They planned all sorts of frolics, and John was asked
to come,
But he couldn't stand it, and made excuse that he'd
things to do at home.

At last the young fellow went away, and John and
May they met,
It was on the pathway thro' the fields,—he was out
of sorts like yet,
And was brooding and thinking and wondering, as
he leant his arms on the stile,
When May came up on a sudden :—she always used
to smile,
But now she looked grave, as she asked him, speaking
hurried and low,
What had been the matter that he should have treated
them so ?

‘Why, May, you didn't care?’ he said, but she only
answered ‘John !’

And ran down the path like a wild thing, and left him
brooding on.

But somehow she gave him just one look, as she said
the word and went,

It might have been nothing, he said to himself, but
it made him more content.

Well, they didn't see much of each other for two
or three years from then ;

He was sent to travel in foreign parts with a couple
of other men.

But when they met, tho' he didn't speak, in his secret
heart he knew

He loved her better and better, and he fancied she
knew it too.

He was the second son, was John ; the brother was
seldom there,

He was a good bit older, and of course was the son
and heir ;

Something wild, I fancy, from what the other let fall :
But anyhow it seems he didn't get on with his father
at all.

Now the squire had got a scheme in his head,
which he thought of early and late,

That John should marry a girl they knew that would
come to a big estate :

There was nothing amiss in the girl, John said ; she
could sing, and dance, and ride :

She was all very well to be friends with,—but May
was his joy and pride.

At last one evening his father the squire—a silentish
sort of man—

He took him aside, and then in a nervous hasty way
began :—

It was time, he said, he should settle, high time ; and
why should he wait and wait,

When a girl was ready to have him who would come
to a fine estate ?

A girl he liked too, sensible, it wasn't a chance to lose ;
If he ever should have a daughter, she was just the
sort he'd choose ;
He'd make him a good allowance :—but John, dumb-
founded you see
At first, broke in, and told him plain out that it
couldn't be ;
He was vexed to go against him, but what could he
do or say ?
For, if ever he married, he'd marry no other girl but
May.
Then his father's brow grew black, and the storm
broke fierce and fast,
And bitter words were spoken, that left their sting
as they passed ;
And John, he made up his mind he would go and
fight his way,
For, come what would, he would marry no other girl
but May.

Well, just as he left his father, all hot and trembling
still,
Who should he meet but May, on the pathway up
the hill.
How could he help it ? He told her all ; and there
in the evening light,
They promised to wait for each other, happen what
happen might.

And now, sirs, comes the wrong of it all, for it happened
May was sent
To stay with some friends near Liverpool, and there
it was John went
To settle his plans for crossing the sea, and somehow
it came about
That he got her to marry him secretly the day before
he went out.
They met at the church, and they parted there, and
as he went away,
He gave her one kiss on the forehead, and just said,
‘Good-bye, May.’
It was selfish of him to do such a thing. Dear me!
and we little guess
What a heap of trouble and sorrow may come from
a little selfishness!
He showed my wife the wedding-ring, and the
marriage-lines as well:
She didn’t take notice, she said, and so the name she
never could tell.
It seems they’d come to some sort of terms, for he’d
promised his father that he
Would send neither message nor line to the girl for
two years from over the sea.
It’s curious how we can take ourselves in:—he was
mainly honest and true,—
But to promise he wouldn’t write to the girl, and then
such a thing to do!

He wasn't at ease in his mind, no doubt, and that
made him silent and glum :
And it's my belief, when a fellow's done wrong, the
punishment's sure to come.
He vexed himself too at getting no news, waiting from
fall to fall ;
And as he durstn't tell the truth, he wouldn't write
home at all.
My wife, she pleaded, again and again, when she
found he was getting strong,
He should just go back, and confess to all, and try
and undo the wrong.
She spoke to him straight and open, and told him
his sin was pride ;
He should humble himself to his father ;—but any-
how *there* was his bride :
She didn't pretend to be learned, but somehow it
seemed to her plain
His duty was just to take ship, and go back to Eng-
land again.
Well, John, poor fellow, he listened, and it came to
him more and more
That she was advising him right, tho' it made him
sad and sore ;
For he'd hoped to get on and make money, and his
luck was bad from the first,
And now, with his months of illness, why, matters
had come to the worst.

He wasn't over-strong yet, you see ; and he'd money enough to go ;

And the two years were all but over ; and at last it was settled so.

The child was half broken-hearted, and the mother about the same,—

You see we'd been fond of the fellow ever since he came.

He was gentler after his illness too, and, when all alone with my wife,

He'd talk quite grave, and be making schemes for a better sort of a life.

And she'd often say, when we talked of him, in her quiet sort of a way,

That's a man that, if I mistake not, will do right good work some day.

Well, gentlemen, I must close my tale, for it's brighter overhead,

And the rain has stopped, and I think there'll be time to look at the fossil-bed.

There isn't much more to tell :—Poor John ! he took his passage across

In the Ocean King ; you can't have forgot the story of her loss ?

She was never heard of more, you know, nor any soul on board ;

Bits of wreckage and floating spars was all the sea restored.

There was many a tear for others ; but it's only us
that knew

That John had sailed in that vessel with all its luck-
less crew.

I haven't got much to spare, sirs, but I'd give five
pounds to-day

If I could only get tidings of that poor young widowed
May.

(1884.)

From Nature to Man.*



TIME was when Nature's every mystic mood
Poured round my heart a flood of eager joy ;
When pageantry of sunsets moved the boy
More than high ventures of the great and good ;
When trellised shadows in the vernal wood,
And little peeping flowers, so sweet and coy,
Were simple happiness without alloy,
And whispered to me things I understood.
But now the strange sad weight of human woe,
And all the bitterness of human wrong,
Press on my saddened spirit as I go,
And stir the pulsings of a graver song :
Dread mysteries of life and death I scan,
And all my soul is only full of Man.

(1885.)

* See "Shelsley Beauchamp," p. 52.

“University Settlements” in East London.

THEY come brave-hearted from high learning's seat,
With wealth of Art and Culture's gracious lore,
To offer, with free welcome, of their store
To weary toilers in the dismal street.
‘These homes,’ they cry, ‘we will make bright and
sweet,
‘Into these empty lives our fulness pour ;
‘Perchance where love and beauty go before
‘Some path may open for an Angel's feet’
Yet weary souls scarce lift a listless eye
To scan the proffered boon, and so pass by.
Ah ! what if Angel feet best lead the way,
And thoughts of God wake men as from the dead,
Dreams of new beauty visit souls that pray,
And Art but follow whither Faith hath led ?

(1885.)

The East London Children's Hospital.



HAVE we seen them tattered and mire-defiled
On the door-steps at their play?
Have we heard their voices so shrill and wild
'Mid the roar of the thronging way?

Are they the same—so quiet and pale
In their cots of snowy white,
Like bells of Word-sorrel tender and frail
In the gleamy April light?

There are no rude looks in those hollow eyes
With their wistful wondering gaze:
Soft sad whispers are all that rise
From the lips that have learnt new ways.

Children's hearts they are easy to reach,
And love has had its turn;
And sickness has holy lessons to teach,
And the little ones quickly learn.

They might have been children of high degree
And of proud historic race,
For God has made them as fair to see,
And as sweet in their childish grace.

Ah children ! Ah children ! It is not in vain
Ye are suffering thus, if ye knew ;
For the world would be hard without sorrow and pain,
And we should be hard without you.

(1885.)

A Vision of Barmouth.



YES, I saw it; a sketch in a window; and passably done:
Just a mountain, with rocks, and dim shadows, and
glintings of sun.

Was it that, or a mere summer longing astir in my
breast

As I paced the hot street, that has borne me away to
the West?

It uprises before me—the well-known, the dearly-loved
view,

With its glories of form and its splendours of shadow
and hue:

I am there, 'mid the mountains with gorse and with
heather aglow,

And the sheen of the water far down in the valley
below,

And the Lady-ferns, red-stemmed and green-stemmed,
in densest array,

Half choking the bright little runnel that borders the
way.

I am there, by the shore : rocks above me are purple and gold,
And the short springy turf is all flower-bestrewn, as of old ;—
Red Geranium, and sweet Lady's-tresses, and Centaury gay,
Scotch-rose with its great ruddy hips, and Thyme's delicate spray :
On the sand-hills 'twixt me and the sea, lo ! the tall rushes stand,
And the wind is still tracing its rings with their tips on the sand :
And there in that gorge, where the streamlet has carved out its dell,
Yellow Poppies beneath the old Elder-tree cluster and dwell.
And look how a pathway of gold, as the sun sinks to rest,
Stretches over to yonder long line of fair hills in the West.
Ah me ! yet the spot that is fairest and dearest to me Is a little lone grave by the side of the broad shining sea !

(1885.)

Sermon Notes in Verse.

I.—CHRISTIANITY.

Text: 1 Cor. ii. 2.

Two Tables graven with unbending laws,—
Unveilings of the glorious things to be,—
Deep searchings into the primæval Cause,—
A faultless scheme of pure morality ;—

Is this, O man, the pearl of costless price ?
For this hath God sent down the Eternal Son ?
What meaneth then this awful Sacrifice ?
What victory is this that God hath won ?

Nay, it is He Himself, nought else but He,—
God infinite made one with finite Man,—
No creed, no system, no philosophy,—
That fills my needs in this life's straitened span :—

One of all joy and peace the unfailing spring,
My hidden treasure and my pearl unpriced,
A Heart where trembling love can hide and cling,
The warm and living touch—the touch of Christ !

II.—FAITH.

Text: 2 Cor. iv. 18.

OH, tear in twain the gaudy painted veil
This puny world still hangs before our eyes !
Why scarce discerned, in vision dim and pale,
The greater world that round about us lies ?

We want to see : but lo ! our eyes are blind
With gazing on this lurid earthly glare ;
When we would lift the veil and peer behind,
We cannot trace the eternal glories there.

Lord, open Thou our eyes that we may see ;
Make real to us, as our way we tread,
The presence that shall ever with us be,
The glory that is burning overhead.

What though the cloud be hanging thick and low
And glimpses of the light be scant and brief,
Oh, shine Thou for us with Thine inner glow,—
Lord, we believe ; help thou our unbelief !

III.—HOPE.

Text: Rom. viii. 24.

I CANNOT labour if I may not hope :
But what the hope that shall my work inspire,
And give to all my life its nobler scope,
And light in this cold heart the heavenly fire ?

Is it such vision of far glorious things
As I have pictured when the dreaming eye
Sees golden cloudlets ranged like Angel wings
O'er the deep spaces of the sunset sky ?

Nay, I will hope a better hope than this ;—
In Christlike love and wisdom still to grow,
Some fault to mend that hath been sore amiss,
Some lacking grace to win, before I go.

I hope on earth some saddened heart to cheer,
On some chill life a ray of peace to pour,—
Then learn things greater than are whispered here,
And see the face of God for evermore.

IV.—LOVE.

Text : St. John xxi. 15.

AND dare I then discourse of heavenly Love,
And bid men love the Lord with all their heart,—
I, whose faint soul scarce lifts its gaze above,
Whose chill desires scarce seek the better part ?

As on a dim horizon we may deem,
Yet scarcely deem, we saw a flash of light,
So, as we look within, our love will seem
Now but a transient gleam, now quenched in night.

Ah, loveless hearts ! Yet God Himself is Love ;
And *that* Love burns not low when ours is dim ;
Our scanty measures mete not things above ;
He loves us even though we love not Him.

And Love hath been unveiled to human view,
Shrined in the Face of the Incarnate Word :—
O God, forgive me if it be not true,
And yet 'Thou knowest that I love Thee,' Lord.

V.—CONFESSiON AND ABSOLUTION.

Text: Ps. xxxii. 5.

As the poor child that has its father grieved
Comes weeping back to own its little wrong,
Nor, till the waiting pardon is received,
Dares join the gladness of the merry throng :

So we, with humble voice and low-bent knee,
Would seek our Father in Confession meet,
Still sorrowing till in deep humility
We lay our sins down at His awful feet ;

Then listening for the assuring word of peace,
The pledge of mercy, and the stay of faith,—
Ah ! blessed Gospel message of release,
Full of deep solemn joy !—‘ He pardoneth.’

Teach us, O God, as unto Thee we turn,
To set ourselves in Thy all-searching light,
That by Thy mercy we our sin may learn,
And by our sin may know Thy mercy’s might !

VI.—THE TWO NATURES.

Text: 2 Cor. xii. 2.

I KNEW a man—it was long years ago—
With glorious visions blest and saintly dreams,
Lit with a pure ambition's tremulous glow,
Thrilled with high musings on all heavenly themes.

I knew a man—strange darkness reigned within ;
All Love seemed frozen in him, all Faith dead ;
Down-dragged as by a curse, haunted by sin,
By fierce Satanic envoys buffeted.

For this one all my soul is filled with shame ;
Of that one I will glory, glad of heart ;
For, into my despairings, lo ! there came
A God-sent hope to win the better part.

And, in this double self, my will I set
To scorn the ill, to choose the good and true.
Ah, Lord, Thy servant strengthen even yet
To rise out of the old into the new !

VII.—THE TWO VISIONS.

Text: Isa. vi. 5.

Two visions passed before me as I prayed :
I saw the King the Lord of hosts unveiled,
In robes of awful purity arrayed ;
And in the blinding light my spirit quailed.

And then mine eyes fell downward ; and within,
Lit with the searching fires that pierced me through,
I saw a soul all stained with hateful sin ;
And bowed in shame I shrank back from the view.

Then, as once more I sought with trembling awe
To scan the glories of the heavenly height,
A Face of tenderest love methought I saw
Shape itself out from that deep home of light.

And then I knew this double look could win
The twofold grace that lifts the soul above ;
For penitence beholds the guilt within,
While Faith looks out upon a Saviour's love.

VIII.—THE TWO WORLDS.

Text: Rom. i. 20.

‘AH, why the trammels of this graceless flesh,
Cramping the spirit in her heavenly flight,
Caging her freedom in the tangled mesh
Of hollow form and soul-encumbering rite?’

Nay, peace, poor soul! Nor cherish idle dreams:
Shared not the Son of God a human birth,
Crowning this dim life with His heavenly beams,
And hallowing all the common things of earth?

And lo! Eternal Wisdom, Love profound,
Dowering with choicest boons the ransomed race,
In sacramental blessedness hath bound
Together outward sign and inward grace.

For in vast counterpart God only-wise
Outer and inner things alike hath planned,
That Man, through earthly type, with undazed eyes
The deeper things of God might understand.

IX.—THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOD.

Text : St. John xvii. 3.

To know God : this is life ! And dare I stand
Blinding these dim eyes with the awful light,
And in the hollow of this pigmy hand
Thinking to grasp and hold the Infinite ?

‘We cannot know,’ men cry, ‘we cannot know :
How should this crass and carnal nature find,
In its poor restless searchings here below,
The mystic essence of the Eternal Mind ?’

Yet we, who know not all, may know in part :
And, as we stand upon the narrow shore,
Yearning to pierce great Ocean’s hidden heart,
May gather many a gem to enhance our store.

And Thou, O Father, hast Thyself made known
In Him who once for us was sacrificed :
O God, we praise Thee, who in love hast shown
Thy glory in the face of Jesus Christ.

X.—OUR LIFE FOR OTHERS.

Text: 2 Cor. i. 6.

AND hath God sent thee sorrow's aching blank,
Or keener stab of bitter human wrong?
Deem not the pang from which thy spirit shrank
Held but one grace—to 'suffer and be strong.'

In trust for others was thy sorrow lent,
That in thy heart a gentler love might glow,
And day by day thy willing steps be bent
To carry peace to shrouded homes of woe.

Each gift of God is but a gracious loan ;
And, be it smile-enwreathed or sorrow-crowned,
Oh, send it (for it is not all thine own)
Some boon to carry to the world around.

One strength thou hast the Master might not wield ;
Thyself a sinner thou canst pity sin :
Ah ! let the love which hath thy pardon sealed
Some brother-sinner to his Saviour win !

XI.—THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

Text: St. Matt. iv. 23.

THE Gospel of the Kingdom ! Aye, good news !
No selfish creed for separate soul's content ;
No distant dream on which the heart may muse ;
No home beyond, when life's swift sands are spent.

For lo ! the Kingdom of our God is here,
A gracious bond of common strength and love,
Filling with heavenly light this lower sphere,
And dowered with holy graces from above.

Glad tidings ! For behold a kingdom crowned
With righteousness and peace and joy divine !
For thee this kingdom Christ came down to found ;
Rise, claim thine heritage, for it is thine !

Ah, blessed they whose purgèd eyes discern
Of holy fellowship the gladdening spring,
To brother men with love all Christlike burn,
And in the kingdom ever find the King !

XII.—MAN'S LITTLENESSEN AND GREATNESS.

Text: Ps. viii. 4.

AMONG the myriad stars one faintest fleck
Scarcely with straining sight could I descry :—
I moved the mighty glass ; and lo ! the speck
Became a sun-bespangled galaxy !

And is it given with awe-struck eye to trace
Fresh universes, star-groups, dim and vast,
Beyond the staggering depths of trackless space ?
And is this still the farthest and the last ?

Perchance these myriad orbs that throng the sky,
Flashing their fires from awful heights afar,
Are but a little dust that whirleth by,
Beside the vastness of the things that are.

Lord, what is Man that from Thy heavenly throne
Thou condescendedst to his mean estate,
Blending his very nature with Thine own ?
O Man, how little art thou ! And how great !

On the Alps.

Up thro' long sweeping mists of nascent morn,
By trail of quaint hay-sledge, with patient tread
We clomb the veild heights, while overhead,
Thro' gap of vapours by the young wind torn,
Visions of sunlit snow were dimly born.

We heard the hurtling of the torrent-bed,
The tinkling bells of kine that unseen fed,
The bellowing of the far Alp's strident horn.
So sped long hours, mid' changeful fears and hopes ;
Then on the heights one infinite surprise,
Marvels of fairest flowers upon the slopes,
And awful splendours of the earth and skies.
O God, a life not unlike this I pray :
Dim fears, calm toil, and then—pure light of day !

(1885.)

“Judge Not.”

I MET a soul all steeped in sunny calm,
Taking all love unquestioned, as the light,
Glad to possess, not claiming as of right,
And chanting ever one long happy psalm.
I met another soul, that found no balm
For sores of wounded pride and fancied slight,
Thinking unloving thoughts in love's despite :—
And not to this one gave mankind the palm.
Then came an Angel with a measuring-rod,
Gauging the hearts of men, as gaugeth God.
‘ This sunny life,’ he said, ‘ hath ventured nought ;
‘ This shrouded soul hath suffered, prayed, and fought :
‘ By sin resisted, lo ! I measure grace ;
‘ The fiercest battle wins the foremost place.’

(1885.)

On Leader's Picture, "Parting-Day."

LATELY IN THE LOAN COLLECTION AT THE BETHNAL
GREEN MUSEUM.



WAS it only five minutes ago I stood
In the streets of Bethnal Green,
Nursing a weary querulous mood
At the grim unlovely scene ?

Where are the sordid homes, all thronged
With the sorrows and sins of earth ?
Where are the hollow-eyed children, wronged
Of the child's sweet dower of mirth ?

O brothers ! And shall they be always such—
These homes of our fatherland ?
But lo ! they are gone at the magic touch
Of a wonder-working hand.

I am caught away in the flush and glow
Of the soft bright eventide ;
And here on the river the light gleams low,
And there the dim shadows hide.

And oh ! for the depth of the sunny air
That is flooding the far-drawn sky,
With its dreamy spaces supremely fair
In their delicate purity !

And, marshalled and ranged by the gracious sway
Of the zephyr's gentle might,
The cloudlets lie in their faint array,
Just tinged with the rosy light.

There are sunset glories to crown the view
On the far hill-ranges showered ;
There are splendours of nearer warmth and hue
On the homestead tree-embowered.

O Leader, I thank thee that, 'mid the rush
Of the surging thunderous street,
Thou hast woven us here with thy magic brush
A vision so pure and sweet.

But the toilers, weary of heart and limb,
Go by with their load of care,
For the world is too dreary and life too dim
For dreams of the sweet and fair.

What is it to them that the arching West
Is aflame with the burning gold ?
What is it to them that the soft lights rest
On the crests of the purpling wold ?

Why should they pause with unseeing eye
To stare at the art-clad wall?
'Tis a painted river and painted sky,
A picture—and that is all.

Who shall teach them the charm and the grace
That, for eyes that have learnt to see,
Still gleam so softly from Nature's face
In her unstained purity?

Were it better, perchance, that these should pass
Unvexed to their stifling rooms,
Or seek their cheer 'mid the flaunting gas
And the tavern's poisoned fumes?

Have ye ever told them of joys more sure,
Of a life that is better worth?

Have ye told them of Him who loved the poor,
And lived with the poor on earth?

Have ye told them how God from His high estate
Looks down on their toil and care,
And that not alone for the rich and great
He hath made the world so fair?

Have ye bettered the poor man's narrowed span?
Have ye brightened the way he's trod?
Perchance, when he knows the love of man,
He may learn the love of God.

England's Pure Homes.

‘THE unclean worm hath eaten to the core,
And killed the bud of Purity’s white flower :’
So spake the scorner, presaging the hour
When England’s sweet home life would be no more.
Yet many a home there lies in memory’s store,—
The rustic cot, the hall of ample dower,—
Where no unholy thing dare lurk and cower,
And lily-graces all their fragrance pour.
Ah, happy homes ! where chivalry disdains
To wrong the weak, and manly strength is pure,
And womanhood, made rich with freedom’s gains,
On mercy’s gracious errands walks secure !
Bright gardens, where God’s fairest flowers are set,
The sunlight of His smile is on you yet !

(1885.)

A Day at Thusis.

O'ER gorges where the glacier-torrents swell,
Past the high castle, where on burning wing
A thousand butterflies are quivering
'Mid feathery pink and slender asphodel,
And in the sunshine on the slanting fell
A thousand grasshoppers are chirrupping,
We sought the lone Alp whose cool grasses spring
For summer kine that browse with musical bell.
O vastness of the sunny depths of air !
O freedom of the mountain winds that blow !
O splendour of the snowy ranges fair !
As round me in a tide of joy ye flow,
Ye bid strange yearnings in the spirit rise—
Strange yearnings which perchance are prophecies.

(1885.)

A Starlit Night by the Seashore.

SUGGESTED BY MATTHEW ARNOLD'S
"SELF-DEPENDENCE."



O GREAT Stars, aflame with awful beauty!
O great Sea, with glittering heaving breast!
Stars, that march all calm in lines of duty;
Sea, that swayest to stern law's behest;—

Mighty in your unimpassioned splendour,
Ye are filling all my puny soul
With the longing this vexed self to render
Wholly to calm Duty's sure control.

It were restful so to let the ruling
Of the mightier law sway all the life,
Eager will and passionate spirit schooling,
Till unfelt the pains of lesser strife.

Yet, O Stars, your quivering shafts unheeding
On these tangled human sorrows smite;
Merciless Stars! that on hearts crushed and bleeding
Pour the sharp stings of your bleak cold light.

Yet, O Sea, that glittering breast is heaving,
All unconscious of the life it rears,
Shouting in the mirth of its bereaving,
Laughing o'er a thousand widows' tears.

No ! I ask not for a life high lifted
O'er the changeful passions of mankind,
Undistracted, self-contained, and gifted
With a force to feebler issues blind.

Rather fill my soul to overflowing
With the tide of this world's grief and wrong :
Let me suffer ; though it be in knowing,
Suffering thus, I am not wholly strong.

Let what grandeur crown the life of others,
Let what light on lone endurance shine ;
I will set myself beside my brothers,
And their toils and troubles shall be mine.

(1885.)

Hy m n s.

*[All the Hymns in this book are by the Author's direction
hereby made public property, subject only to the condition that
they be printed as here given.]*

H Y M N S.

1.

Sunday.

"The evening and the morning were the first day."—GEN. i. 5.

THIS day, at Thy creating word,
First o'er the earth the light was poured :
O Lord, this day upon us shine,
And fill our souls with light divine.

This day the Lord, for sinners slain,
In might victorious rose again :
O Jesu, may we raisèd be
From death of sin to life in Thee.

This day the Holy Spirit came
With fiery tongues of cloven flame :
O Spirit, fill our hearts this day
With grace to hear, and grace to pray.

O day of light, and life, and grace !
From earthly toils sweet resting-place !
Thy hallowed hours, best gift of Love,
Give we again to God above !

All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom with the Spirit we adore
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

2.

Daily Prayer.

“Let my prayer be set forth before Thee as incense, and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.”—Ps. cxli. 2.

O LORD, it is a blessed thing
To Thee both morn and night to bring
Our worship's lowly offering ;

Before Thy glorious Throne to stand,
Albeit but a little band,
Led by our holy Mother's hand,

And, from the strife of tongues away,
Ere toil begins, to meet and pray
For blessings on the coming day ;

And night by night for evermore
Again with blended voice to pour
Deep thanks for mercies gone before.

O Jesu, be our morning Light,
That we may go forth to the fight
With strength renewed and armour bright.

And when our daily work is o'er,
 And sins and weakness we deplore,
 Oh, then be Thou our Light once more !

Light of the world ! with us abide,
 And to Thyself our footsteps guide,
 At morn, and noon, and eventide. Amen.

3.

Monday.

"Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."—Ps. lxxiii. 24.

YESTERDAY with worship blest
 Passed our day of hallowed rest :
 Lord, to-day we meet once more
 Grace and mercy to implore.

Not one day alone shall be
 Given, O God of love, to Thee ;
 Work and rest alike are Thine ;
 Brighten all with love divine.

Through the passing of the week,
 Father, we Thy presence seek :
 Midst this world's deceitful maze
 Keep us, Lord, in all our ways.

Oh, what snares our path beset !
 Oh, what cares our spirits fret !
 Let no earthly thing, we pray,
 Draw our souls from Thee away.

Thou hast set our daily task ;
 Grace and strength from Thee we ask :
 Thou our joys and griefs dost send ;
 To Thy will our spirits bend.

Still in duty's lowly round
 Be our patient footsteps found :
 With Thy counsel guide us here,
 Till in glory we appear. Amen.

4.

Thursday.

"He was received up into heaven."—ST. MARK xvi. 19.

ASCENDED Lord, accept our praise,
 As, with adoring eye,
 From this dim earth we lift our gaze
 To Thy bright Home on high.

We may not stay our lingering feet
 Upon the sacred hill,
 Nor with blest dreams and visions sweet
 Stand gazing upward still.

For Thou, Lord, shalt once more appear;
And we would seek Thy grace
To tread our lowly pathway here,
Until we see Thy Face.

And week by week we ask this day
 Fresh gleams of heavenly light,
To cheer us on our toilsome way,
 And brighten all our night.

Then praise to Thee, ascended Lord,
O Father, praise to Thee,
And Thou, O Spirit, be adored,
One God in Trinity. Amen.

5.

Friday.

"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross."—ST. MATT. xvi. 24.

O JESU, crucified for man,
O Lamb, all glorious on Thy Throne,
Teach Thou our wondering souls to scan
The mystery of Thy love unknown. :

We pray Thee, grant us strength to take
Our daily Cross, whate'er it be,
And gladly for Thine own dear sake
In paths of pain to follow Thee

As on our daily way we go,
Through light or shade, in calm or strife,
Oh ! may we bear Thy marks below
In conquered sin and chastened life.

And week by week this day we ask
That holy memories of Thy Cross
May sanctify each common task,
And turn to gain each earthly loss.

Grant us, dear Lord, our Cross to bear,
Till at Thy feet we lay it down,
Win through Thy Blood our pardon there,
And through the Cross attain the Crown.

Amen.

6.

Spring.

(Recast from lines by F. J. Douglas.)

(See the beautiful Chant Tune by A. Sullivan, "Church Hymns.")

"The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come."—CANT. ii. 12.

FOR all Thy love and goodness, so bountiful and free,
Thy Name, Lord, be adored !
On the wings of joyous praise our hearts soar up to
Thee : Glory to the Lord !

The Springtime breaks all round about, waking from winter's night :

Thy Name, Lord, be adored !

The sunshine, like God's love, pours down in floods of golden light :

Glory to the Lord !

A voice of joy is in all the earth, a voice is in all the air :

Thy Name, Lord, be adored !

All nature singeth aloud to God ; there is gladness everywhere :

Glory to the Lord !

The flowers are strewn in field and copse, on the hill and on the plain :

Thy Name, Lord, be adored !

The soft air stirs in the tender leaves that clothe the trees again :

Glory to the Lord !

The works of Thy hands are very fair ; and for all Thy bounteous love,

Thy Name, Lord, be adored !

But what, if this world is so fair, is the Better Land above ?

Glory to the Lord !

Oh, to awake from death's short sleep, like the flowers
from their wintry grave !

Thy Name, Lord, be adored !
And to rise all glorious in the day when Christ shall
come to save !

Glory to the Lord !

Oh, to dwell in that happy land, where the heart
cannot choose but sing !

Thy Name, Lord, be adored !
And where the life of the blessed ones is a beautiful
endless Spring !

Glory to the Lord !

Alleluia. Amen.

7.

Summer.

(See the beautiful Tune "Ruth," "Church Hymns.")

*"Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the
eyes to behold the sun."—ECCLES. xi. 7.*

SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing
Bountiful and free.
Everything rejoices
In the mellow rays,
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal Love.
Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour ;
For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more
And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.
We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light :
Life is dark without Thee ;
Death with Thee is bright.
Light of Light ! Shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day. Amen.

8.

Autumn.

"He gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons."

—ACTS xiv. 17.

THE year is swiftly waning ;
The summer days are past ;
And life, brief life, is speeding ;
The end is nearing fast.

The ever-changing seasons
In silence come and go ;
But Thou, Eternal Father,
No time nor change canst know.

Oh ! pour Thy Grace upon us
That we may worthier be,
Each year that passes o'er us,
To dwell in heaven with Thee.

Behold, the bending orchards
With bounteous fruit are crowned ;
Lord, in our hearts more richly
Let heavenly fruits abound.

Oh ! by each mercy sent us,
And by each grief and pain,
By blessings like the sunshine,
And sorrows like the rain,

Our barren hearts make fruitful
With every goodly grace,
That we Thy Name may hallow,
And see at last Thy Face. Amen.

9.

Winter.

"And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds."
—JOB xxxvii. 21.

WINTER reigneth o'er the land,
Freezing with its icy breath ;
Dead and bare the tall trees stand ;
All is chill and drear as death.

Yet it seemeth but a day
Since the summer flowers were here,
Since they stacked the balmy hay,
Since they reaped the golden ear.

Sunny days are past and gone :
So the years go, speeding fast,
Onward ever, each new one
Swifter speeding than the last.

Life is waning ; life is brief ;
Death, like winter, standeth nigh :
Each one, like the falling leaf,
Soon shall fade, and fall, and die.

But the sleeping earth shall wake,
 New-born flowers shall burst in bloom,
 And all Nature rising break
 Glorious from its wintry tomb.

So the Saints, from slumber blest
 Rising, shall awake and sing ;
 And our flesh in hope shall rest,
 Till there breaks the endless Spring.

Amen.

10.

Epiphany.

“ That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.”—ST. JOHN i. 9.

O ONE with God the Father
 In majesty and might,
 The Brightness of His glory,
 Eternal Light of Light ;
 O'er this our home of darkness
 Thy rays are streaming now ;
 The shadows flee before Thee,
 The world's true Light art Thou.

Yet, Lord, we see but darkly :—
 O heavenly Light, arise,
 Dispel these mists that shroud us,
 And hide Thee from our eyes !

We long to track the footprints
That Thou Thyself hast trod ;
We long to see the pathway
That leads to Thee, our God.

O Jesu, shine around us
With radiance of Thy grace ;
O Jesu, turn upon us
The brightness of Thy face.
We need no star to guide us,
As on our way we press,
If Thou Thy light vouchsafest,
O Sun of righteousness. Amen.

11.

Holy Week.

“And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me.”
—ST. JOHN xii. 32.

LORD JESU, when we stand afar,
And gaze upon Thy holy Cross,
In love of Thee and scorn of self,
Oh, may we count the world as loss !

When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

O holy Lord, uplifted high,
With outstretched Arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below ;—

Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see ;
And in the mystery of Thy death
Draw us and all men unto Thee. Amen.

12.

Easter.

(*For a Carol: Written for "Darwall's 148th," "Church Hymns."*)

"The Angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came, and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it."—ST. MATT. xxviii. 2.

ON wings of living light,
At earliest dawn of day,
Came down the Angel bright,
And rolled the stone away.

Your voices raise
With one accord
To bless and praise
Your risen Lord !

The keepers watching near
At that dread sight and sound
Fell down with sudden fear
Like dead men to the ground.

Your voices raise &c.

Then rose from death's dark gloom,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Triumphant o'er the tomb,
The Lord of earth and sky !

Your voices raise &c.

Ye children of the light,
Arise with Him, arise !
See how the Day-star bright
Is burning in the skies !

Your voices raise &c.

Leave in the grave beneath
The old things passed away :
Buried with Him in death,
Oh, live with Him to-day !

Your voices raise &c.

We sing Thee, Lord Divine,
With all our hearts and powers ;
For we are ever Thine,
And Thou art ever ours !

Your voices raise &c.

Amen.

O

13.

Whitsuntide.

*"I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."—
ST. MATT. xxviii. 20.*

O HEAVENLY Fount of light and love,
Adoring praise to Thee we pay ;
Pour down, blest Spirit, from above
Fresh streams of grace this day. Alleluia !

Thou, o'er the everlasting Son
Hovering with wings of living light,
Anointedst Israel's Champion
To fight the awful fight. Alleluia !

At Pentecost Thou camest down,
As sound of rushing wind went by,
With tongues of heavenly fire to crown
That glorious company. Alleluia !

Thou on each new-born child of grace
Dost now in hidden power descend,
To strengthen for life's weary race,
To comfort and defend. Alleluia !

Thou in each meek and lowly heart,
With streams of living waters bright,
Sweet Fount of strength and gladness art,
Fresh Spring of life and light. Alleluia !

'Tis Thine, O Comforter, Thy Church
With light of heavenly truth to fill,
That she the ancient paths may search,
And guide us in them still. Alleluia !

"Tis Thine the lowly souls to lead
In lowly ways, through feast and fast,
With praise and prayer, by hymn and creed,
To heaven's bright gates at last. Alleluia !

Thee, Spirit blest, All-Holy One,
In songs of triumph we adore,
For, with the Father and the Son,
Thou reignest evermore ! Alleluia !
Amen.

14.

The Purification.

"Mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."—ST. LUKE ii. 30.

REJOICE, ye sons of men !
Your brightest praises yield !
The Everlasting Son
See in the flesh revealed !
The world's Redeemer comes to-day
His own redemption's price to pay !

Lo ! Simeon's saintly arms
 The holy Burden bear ;
 He sees with raptured eye
 His true Salvation there.

The weary waiting now is past :
 The Long-expected comes at last.

The agèd Saint's embrace
 The blesseèd mother saw,
 And on his words so strange
 She mused with silent awe.

What conflict for her Child is stored ?
 And what for her this piercing sword ?

O Saviour, in Thy courts
 We all our sins confess :
 But Thou didst once for us
 Fulfil all righteousness.

Impure, unclean, oh, may we be
 Presented pure and clean in Thee !

And when, O God made Man,
 Upon our waiting eye,
 In glorious might revealed,
 Salvation draweth nigh ;
 In that great day Thy servants bless,
 And be "the Lord our Righteousness" !

Amen.

15.

The Annunciation.

"In this was manifested the love of God towards us."—I ST.
JOHN iv. 9.

GREAT Gabriel sped on wings of light,
With wondrous tidings laden ;
He came from heav'n's unclouded height
To greet a lowly maiden.

For God upon her low estate
Had looked with Royal favour ;
And all earth's kindreds celebrate
The mighty Gift He gave her !

Oh, awful bliss ! that from her womb
Should spring the Uncreated,
The Great and Holy One, for whom
The world so long had waited !

A day thrice blest for man is this,
Thou longed-for of all nations !
And men shall sing Thy Mother's bliss
Throughout all generations !

O Son divine ! we fain would trace
Thy Mother's steps so lowly,
Her joys and woes, her saintly grace,
Her life so calm and holy.

But lo ! as all too near we press,
 A veil the scene enfoldeth !
 No tongue may sing its loveliness,
 No eye its peace beholdeth !

And as we read with kindling eye
 This day's all-gracious story,
 The blessed Mother passeth by,
 And Thine is all the glory ! Amen.

16.

St. Peter.

“Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.”—ST. MATT. xvi. 16.

“THOU art the Christ, O Lord,
 The Son of God most high !”
 For ever be adored
 That Name in earth and sky,
 In which, though mortal strength may fail,
 The Saints of God at last prevail !

Oh, surely he was blest
 With blessedness unpriced,
 Who, taught of God, confessed
 The Godhead in the Christ !
 For of Thy Church, Lord, Thou didst own
 Thy Saint a true foundation-stone.

Thrice was he put to shame,
Thrice did the dauntless fall ;
But, oh ! that look that came
From out the judgment-hall,—
It pierced and broke the spell-bound heart
And foiled the Tempter's sifting art !

Thrice fallen—thrice restored !
The bitter lesson learnt,
That heart for Thee, O Lord,
With triple ardour burnt.
The cross he took he laid not down
Until he grasped the martyr's crown !

Oh bright triumphant faith !
Oh courage void of fears !
Oh love most strong in death !
Oh penitential tears !
By these, Lord, keep us lest we fall,
And make us go where Thou shalt call. Amen.

17.

St. Matthew.

(ADAPTED FROM BISHOP KEN.)

“Arise, He calleth thee.”—ST. MARK x. 49.

BEHOLD, the Master passeth by !
Oh, seest thou not His pleading Eye ?

With low sad voice He calleth thee—
 ‘Leave this vain world, and follow Me.’

O soul, bowed down with harrowing care,
 Hast thou no thought for heaven to spare ?
 From earthly toils lift up thine eye ;—
 Behold, the Master passeth by !

One heard Him calling long ago,
 And straightway left all things below,
 Counting his earthly gain as loss
 For Jesus and His blessed Cross.

That ‘Follow Me’ his faithful ear
 Seemed every day afresh to hear :
 Its echoes stirred his spirit still,
 And fired his hope, and nerved his will.

God gently calls us every day :
 Why should we then our bliss delay ?
 He calls to heaven and endless light :
 Why should we love the dreary night ?

Praise, Lord, to Thee for Matthew’s call,
 At which he rose and left his all :
 Thou, Lord, e’en now art calling me,—
 I will leave all, and follow Thee. Amen.

18.

St. Luke.

“Who went about doing good and healing all that were oppressed of the devil.”—ACTS x. 38.

OH, blest was he, whose earlier skill
The suffering frame made whole,
Called, Lord, by Thee from deadlier woes
To heal the dying soul !

O true Physician ! heal the souls
That sick and wounded lie ;
With wholesome medicine of Thy word
Oh, heal them lest they die !

Lord, to our nature cleaveth still
The leprosy of sin ;
Put forth Thy hand and touch us, Lord,
And make us clean within.

Lo ! souls are lying cold and dead
In palsy’s numbing chain ;
Speak Thou the word of power, good Lord,
And bid them live again.

The fever burns in guilty breasts—
Hot passion’s wilful fire :
Calm Thou the storm with words of peace,
And quell each vain desire.

O Jesu, Healer of all ills,
 To thee for help we flee ;
 Our souls, by Thine all-cleansing grace,
 From every bond set free. Amen.

19.

Saints' Days.

"I am glorified in them."—ST. JOHN xvi. 10.

FOR all the Saints who from their labours rest,
 Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
 Thy Name, O Jesu, be for ever blest.

Alleluia !

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their
 Might ;

Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought
 fight ;

Thou in the darkness drear their one true Light.

Alleluia !

Oh ! may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
 Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old,
 And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.

Alleluia !

Oh, blest communion ! Fellowship divin'e !

We feebly struggle ; they in glory shine !

Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.

Alleluia !

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,

Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,

And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong !

Alleluia !

The golden evening brightens in the West :

Soon, soon, to faithful warriors cometh rest ;

Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

Alleluia !

But lo ! there breaks a yet more glorious day ;

The saints triumphant rise in bright array ;

The King of Glory passes on His way !

Alleluia !

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest
coast,

Through gates of pearl streams in the countless
host,

Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—

Alleluia ! Amen.

20.

Holy Communion.

(See a beautiful Tune, written for this Hymn by Dr. Dykes, in
"Church Hymns.")

"Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God."
—ROM. xii. 1.

GREAT and Glorious Father, humbly we adore Thee,
Poor and weak and helpless sinners in Thine
eyes;

Yet, in meek obedience, low we fall before Thee,
Trusting, pleading only Jesus' Sacrifice.

Bowed beneath Thy footstool, yet with boldness
pleading

This the only plea on which our hope relies,
Unto Thee, O Father, all Thy mercy needing,
Make we this Memorial of Christ's Sacrifice.

To our brother sinners we repeat the story,
('Tis the Gospel story pictured to our eyes,)
Ever in this service, till He comes in glory,
Showing forth the Saviour's priceless Sacrifice.

For His own dear members He is interceding,
Far above in light unseen by mortal eyes;

Yet is present now, His faithful children feeding,
Giving His own Self, their one true Sacrifice.

Then, O gracious Father, bent in reverence lowly,
We would taste the pledges we so dearly prize,
Food that none may dare to take with hands un-
holy,
Feasting on the once accepted Sacrifice.

Hath He died to save us, in His love so tender,
And shall we repay Him nought but fruitless
sighs ?

Nay, our souls and bodies, all we have we render :
Father, for His sake accept our sacrifice.

Great and gracious Father, at Thy right hand glorious,
As our souls to Thee in trembling worship rise,
Lo ! the Lamb once offered reigneth now victo-
rious,
And the Angel choirs adore His Sacrifice !

We too would adore Thee, Saviour, ever raising
Praises to the Lamb who reigns above the skies.
Oh, the mercy boundless ! Oh, the love amazing !
Glory be to Thee, our one true Sacrifice !

Alleluia ! Amen.

21.

Holy Baptism.

*“This is My Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.”—
ST. MATT. ii. 17.*

OH, sight for Angels to adore,
Yet given to man to see !
In Jordan’s ancient stream is wrought
A wondrous mystery :

The pure and spotless Son of God
Disdaineth not to stand,
Bent meekly in the cleansing rite,
Beneath His servant’s hand.

And what is this so wonderful ?
Lo ! as He standeth there,
A mystic Form of radiant light
Is hovering in the air :

It resteth dove-like on His Head ;
That, filled with sevenfold might,
The Son of David may go forth
To fight His lonely fight.

And hark what dread and awful Voice
Comes wafted from on high !
What words the adoring listeners hear
Re-echoing through the sky !

He standeth in a servant's form,
The meek and lowly One ;
Yet lo ! the Father owneth Him
His well-belovèd Son.

Glory to Thee, O Lord, whose grace,
To our baptizing given,
Hath washed our souls and poured on us
Thy Holy Ghost from heaven !

Glory to Thee, in whose dear Son
Our sonship now we claim,
And as Thy new-born children call
Upon our Father's Name ! Amen.

22.

Holy Baptism.

“By one Spirit are we all baptized into one body.”—
I COR. xii. 13.

O'ER the shoreless waste of waters
In the world's primæval night,
Moved the quickening Spirit, waking
All things into life and light.

So, Lord, in Thy new creation
Light in Thine own Light we see,
By the water and the Spirit
Born again to life in Thee.

When from Thine avenging deluge
Thou Thy chosen ones wouldest save,
Lo ! the Ark of Thine appointing
Rode in safety on the wave.

So, Lord, on the world's broad ocean,
Tost with tempests fierce and dark,
Thine elect have found a refuge,
And Thy Church is now their Ark.

Through the Red Sea's cloven waters
Israel's children gained the shore,
Free to seek the land of promise,
Egypt's bond-slaves now no more.

So upon their journey starting,
Thou Thy children, Lord, dost free :
Lo ! they pass from Satan's bondage
Into glorious liberty !

Buried with their buried Saviour,
Raised with Him to life again,
Oh, that, dead to sin, Thy children
May to Christ-like life attain !

Father, guide them by Thy Spirit,
Lead them on from strength to strength,
Till, all toils and conflicts ended,
They are safe with Thee at length. Amen.

23.

Confirmation.

"We will serve the Lord."—JOSH. xxiv. 15.

BEFORE Thine awful presence, Lord,
Thy sinful servants bow ;
Trembling to speak the solemn word,
To frame the sacred vow.

The sins in hours of weakness wrought,
The vain things loved before,
The wanton deed and word and thought,
Lord, we renounce once more.

Once more we vow the holy Faith
To keep unstained and true ;
Once more we promise unto death
Thy holy will to do.

Again we gird us to the fight,
Again we face the foe,
Resolved, beneath Thy banner bright,
Where Thou shalt lead, to go.

O Father, pardon all the past ;
Give back Thy wasted grace ;
And strengthen us, while life shall last,
To run the heavenward race.

Still let Thy blessed Spirit's aid
Our strength and comfort be ;
Then, though we sometime be afraid,
We still will trust in Thee. Amen.

24.

In Time of War.

“He maketh peace in thy borders.”—Ps. cxlvii. 14.

O LORD of Hosts, the earth is Thine ;
The nations bow beneath Thy sway ;
Thy wisdom, love, and power divine
All things in heaven and earth obey.

The dearth, the pestilence, the sword,
These Thy most righteous judgments are ;
Yet mark not our deservings, Lord,
But lift from us the scourge of war.

The loftiness of man bow down ;
The haughtiness of man make low :
Let all the world Thy greatness own ;
And Peace return to dwell below.

O'er passions fierce and hatred sore
Shed down Thy healing Love again ;
Bid Angel choirs sing out once more
“Peace upon earth, good will to men.”

O Father, teach us brother's love ;
 O Saviour, make us one in Thee ;
 O Spirit, pour forth from above
 Mercy and Peace and Unity. Amen.

25.

Offertory.

"All things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee."—1 CHRON. xxix. 14.

WE give Thee but Thine own,
 Whate'er the gift may be :
 All that we have is Thine alone,
 A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

May we Thy bounties thus
 As stewards true receive,
 And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
 To Thee our first-fruits give.

Oh ! hearts are bruised and dead ;
 And homes are bare and cold ;
 And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled
 Are straying from the fold !

To comfort and to bless,
 To find a balm for woe,
 To tend the lone and fatherless,
 Is Angels' work below.

The captive to release,
 To God the lost to bring,
 To teach the way of life and peace,—
 It is a Christ-like thing.

And we believe Thy word,
 Though dim our faith may be,—
 Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
 We do it unto Thee. Amen.

26.

Home Missions.

“Take the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.”—
 EPH. vi. 17.

SOLDIERS of the Cross, arise !
 Gird you with your armour bright ;
 Mighty are your enemies,
 Hard the battle ye must fight.

O'er a faithless fallen world
 Raise your banner in the sky :
 Let it float there wide unfurled ;
 Bear it onward ; lift it high.

'Mid the homes of want and woe,
 Strangers to the living word,
 Let the Saviour's herald go,
 Let the voice of hope be heard.

Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray ;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display.

To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease ;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

Guard the helpless ; seek the strayed ;
Comfort troubles ; banish grief ;
In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord. Amen.

27.

Hospitals.

"I will strengthen that which was sick."—EZEK. xxxiv. 16.

O THOU through suffering perfect made,
On whom the bitter Cross was laid ;
In hours of sickness, grief, and pain,
No sufferer turns to Thee in vain.

The halt, the maimed, the sick, the blind,
Sought not in vain Thy tendance kind ;
Now in Thy poor Thyself we see,
And minister through them to Thee.

O loving Saviour, Thou canst cure
The pains and woes Thou didst endure :
For all who need, Physician great,
Thy healing balm we supplicate.

But, oh ! far more, let each keen pain
And hour of woe be heavenly gain,
Each stroke of Thy chastising rod
Bring back the wanderer nearer God.

Oh ! heal the bruised heart within :
Oh ! save our souls all sick with sin :
Give life and health in bounteous store,
That we may praise Thee evermore. Amen.

28.

Church Guilds and Associations.

“Bring him unto Me.”—ST. MARK ix. 19.

UPON the holy Mount they stood
That wondrous awful night :
They saw, and knew that it was good
To see that vision bright.

No Man of sorrows stands there now ;
 But, keen as lightning-flame,
The streams of heavenly radiance flow
 From that transfigured Frame.

Beneath that Mount another scene
 They saw, when morning smiled :
A father, torn with anguish keen,
 Sought mercy for his child.

No more the blaze of glistering light
 Enwraps the Form divine,
But tender love and healing might
 Around Him softly shine.

He came from hours of rapture high
 To care for human woe :
So Angels from God's Presence fly
 To succour man below.

O Jesu, be our life like Thine ;—
 Blest labour, doubly blest
By communings with things divine
 Upon the mountain's crest.

Lord, we would pass from hours of prayer,
 That lift our souls above,
To go where want and sorrow are
 With lowly deeds of love.

Let no self-will within us lurk,
Nor faithless sloth be there ;
But prayer give life to all our work,
And work crown all our prayer. Amen.

29.

Associations of Women.

Which ministered unto Him of their substance."—
ST. LUKE viii. 3.

O DAUGHTERS blest of Galilee,
With Jesus chose ye well to be,
Thrice happy holy company !

Oh joy, to see that Master dear !
Oh joy, to live with Him so near !
Oh joy, that gentle voice to hear !

Oh more than joy, to that dear Lord,
In purest deepest love adored,
All lowly service to afford !

Yea, happy was your lot to bring
In loyal homage to your King
Each free and gracious offering.

O Jesu, throned above the height,
Adoring troops of Angels bright
Wait on Thy bidding day and night.

Thy sacred form we cannot see,
Yet, Lord, these hands may render Thee
Each lowly act of charity.

For while 'mid want and woe we move,
And tend Thy poor in gentle love,
We minister to Thee above.

O gracious Jesu, we confess
Our poor cold love, our nothingness :
Yet Thou wilt own, and Thou wilt bless !

Amen.

30.

Processional.

(Written for the Tune St. Kevin, by A. Sullivan. See "Church Hymns.")

"The trumpeters and singers were as one."—2 CHRON. v. 13.

BOUND in holy bonds of love,
Brother joined with brother,
Lift we psalm and hymn above,
"Teaching one another."
Treading where our fathers trod,
Hearts and voices blending,
Sing we merrily unto God,
To His courts ascending.

Lo ! we march in robes of white,
Duly thus confessing

We are children of the light,
 Onward, upward, pressing.
 God protect our souls from stain,
 Satan's malice quelling ;
 God conduct His ransomed train
 To His sinless dwelling !

Lo ! with measured steps we march
 Through the sacred portal,
 By each sculptured shaft and arch ;—
 Soldiers of the Immortal !
 God preserve our order due,
 Each his post defending,
 Each a warrior brave and true
 Till the warfare's ending !

Lo ! with skill of tuneful grace,
 In our choral singing,
 Treble, alto, tenor, bass,
 Each his part is bringing.
 May we all in life and heart
 Thus harmonious labour,
 Bearing our allotted part,
 Helping each his neighbour.

In His Temple thus we sing,
 Minstrels poor and lowly,
 At His footstool offering
 Praises to the All-holy.

Treading where our fathers trod,
(Hark ! they chant victorious !)
Sing we merrily unto God—
God the King all-glorious ! Amen.

31.

Morning Hymn

FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

"I laid me down and slept, and rose up again, for the Lord sustained me."—Ps. iii. 5.

GOD of mercy and of love,
Listen from the heav'n above,
While to Thee my voice I raise
In a morning hymn of praise.
It was Thine almighty arm
Kept me all night long from harm :
It is only, Lord, by Thee
That another morn I see.

Lo ! the happy light of day
Drives the shadows all away :
Lo ! it brings again to sight
All things beautiful and bright.
White clouds sailing in the air,
Little flow'rs so fresh and fair,
Greenest fields, and rippling streams,
Glitter in the morning beams.

Father, keep me all day long
From all hurtful things and wrong ;
Make me an obedient child,
Make me loving, gentle, mild.
Hark ! the birds are singing gay,
Let me sing, as well as they,
Praise to Him who is above
For His mercies and His love. Amen.

32.

Evening Hymn

FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

“I will lay me down in peace.”—Ps. iv. 9.

Now the sun has passed away,
With the golden light of day ;
Now the shades of silent night
Hide the flowers from our sight ;
Now the little stars on high
Twinkle in the mighty sky ;
Father, merciful and mild,
Listen to Thy little child.

Loving Father, put away
All things wrong I've done to-day ;
Make me gentle, true, and good,
Make me love Thee as I should.

Make me feel by day and night
I am ever in Thy sight.
Jesus was a little Child,
Make me, like Him, meek and mild.

Heavenly Father, hear my prayer,
Take Thy child into Thy care,
Let Thy Angels good and bright
Watch around me thro' the night.
Keep me now, and, when I die,
Take me to the glorious sky.
Father, merciful and mild,
Listen to Thy little child. Amen.

33.

Behold a Little Child.

"The Babe lying in a manger."—ST. LUKE ii. 16.

BEHOLD a little Child
Laid in a manger-bed !
The wintry blasts blow wild
Around His infant Head.
But who is this so lowly laid ?
'Tis He by whom the worlds were made !

Alas ! in what poor state
The Son of God is seen !

Why doth the Lord so great
Choose out a home so mean ?
That we may learn from pride to flee,
And follow His humility.

Where Joseph plies his trade
Lo ! Jesus labours too ;
The Hands that all things made
An earthly craft pursue :
That weary men in Him may rest,
And faithful toil through Him be blest

Among the doctors see
The Boy so full of grace !
Say, wherefore taketh He
The scholar's lowly place ?
That Christian boys with reverence meet
May sit and learn at Jesus' feet.

Christ ! once Thyself a Boy,
Our boyhood guard and guide :
Be Thou its light and joy,
And still with us abide :
That Thy dear love, so great and free,
May draw us evermore to Thee ! Amen.

34.

Come, Praise your Lord and Saviour.

“Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.”—Ps. cl. 6.

COME, praise your Lord and Saviour
In strains of holy mirth :
Give thanks to Him, O children,
Who lived a Child on earth.

He loved the little children
And called them to His side,
His loving Arms embraced them,
And for their sake He died.

(BOYS ONLY.)

O Jesu, we would praise Thee
With songs of holy joy,
For Thou on earth didst sojourn
A pure and spotless Boy.

Make us like Thee obedient,
Like Thee from sin-stains free,
Like Thee in God's own Temple,
In lowly home like Thee.

(GIRLS ONLY.)

O Jesu, we too praise Thee,
The lowly Maiden's Son :
In Thee all gentlest graces
Are gathered into one.

Oh ! give that best adornment
 That Christian maid can wear,
 The meek and quiet spirit
 Which shone in Thee so fair.

(ALL.)

O Lord, with voices blended
 We sing our songs of praise :
 Be Thou the Light and Pattern
 Of all our childhood's days ;
 And lead us ever onward,
 That, while we stay below,
 We may, like Thee, O Jesu,
 In grace and wisdom grow. Amen.

35.

The Love of Jesus.

"Herein is love."—I ST. JOHN iv. 10.

IT is a thing most wonderful,
 Almost too wonderful to be,
 That God's own Son should come from heaven,
 And die to save a child like me.
 And yet I know that it is true ;
 He chose a poor and humble lot,
 And wept, and toiled, and mourned, and died,
 For love of those who loved Him not.

I cannot tell how He could love
A child so weak and full of sin ;
His love must be most wonderful,
If He could die my love to win.

I sometimes think about the Cross,
And shut my eyes, and try to see
The cruel nails, and crown of thorns,
And Jesus crucified for me.

But, even could I see Him die,
I could but see a little part
Of that great love, which, like a fire,
Is always burning in His heart.

It is most wonderful to know
His love for me so free and sure ;
But 'tis more wonderful to see
My love for Him so faint and poor.

And yet I want to love Thee, Lord ;
Oh, light the flame within my heart,
And I will love Thee more and more,
Until I see Thee as Thou art. Amen.

36.

For a School Festival.

“Samuel ministered before the Lord, being a child.”—1 SAM. ii. 18.

LORD, this day Thy children meet
In Thy courts with willing feet :
Unto Thee this day they raise
Grateful hearts in hymns of praise.

Not alone the day of rest
With Thy worship shall be blest ;
In our pleasure and our glee,
Lord, we would remember Thee.

Help us unto Thee to pray,
Hallowing our happy day ,
From Thy presence thus to win
Hearts all pure and free from sin.

All our pleasures here below,
Saviour, from Thy mercy flow :
Little children Thou dost love ;
Draw our hearts to Thee above.

Make, O Lord, our childhood shine
With all lowly grace, like Thine :
Then through all eternity
We shall live in heaven with Thee. Amen.

37.

O Holy Lord.

"Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man."—ST. LUKE ii. 52.

O HOLY Lord, content to fill
In lowly home the lowliest place ;
Thy childhood's law a mother's will,
Obedience meek Thy brightest grace.

Lead every child that bears Thy Name
To walk in Thine own guileless way,
To dread the touch of sin and shame,
And humbly, like Thyselv, obey.

Oh ! let not this world's scorching glow
Thy Spirit's quickening dew efface,
Nor blast of sin too rudely blow,
And quench the trembling flame of grace.

Gather Thy lambs within Thine arm,
And gently in Thy bosom bear ;
Keep them, O Lord, from hurt and harm,
And bid them rest for ever there.

So shall they, waiting here below,
Like Thee their Lord, a little span,
In wisdom and in stature grow,
And favour with both God and man. Amen.

38.

Ashamed of Jesus.

(*A Recast of the Hymn, "Jesus, and shall it ever be," by Joseph Grigg, a boy of ten years of age, published in the "Gospel Magazine" in 1744.*)

"I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ."—ROM. i. 16.

ASHAMED of Thee ! O dearest Lord,
I marvel how such wrong can be ;
And yet how oft in deed and word
Have I been found ashamed of Thee !

Ashamed of Thee ! my King, my God,
Who soughtest me with wondrous love,
Whose feet the way of sorrows trod
To bring me to Thy home above !

Ashamed of Thee !—of that blest Name
Which speaks of mercy full and free !
Nay, Lord, I would my only shame
Might be to be ashamed of Thee.

Ashamed of Thee !—whose love divine
Was not ashamed of our lost race,
But even this cold heart of mine
Dost make Thy home and dwelling-place.

Ashamed of Thee ! O Lord, I pray
This cruel wrong no more may be ;
And in Thy last great Advent-day,
Oh be not Thou ashamed of me ! Amen.

39.

For the Parish.

"Turn us again, O God, and cause Thy face to shine ; and we shall be saved."—Ps. lxxx. 3.

BOWED low in supplication,
We come, O Lord, to Thee ;
Thy grace alone can save us ;
To Thee alone we flee.

We come for this our Parish
Thy mercy to implore ;
On church, and homes, and people,
O Lord, Thy blessing pour.

Blot out our sins, O Father !
Forgive the guilty past ;
Loose from their chains the captives
Whom Satan holdeth fast.

Wake up the slumbering conscience
To listen to Thy call ;
The weak and wavering strengthen,
And raise up them that fall.

Our crying sin drive from us
With Thy chastising rod ;
That we may be a people
Fearing and loving God.

Oh ! be Thy house, Lord, hallowed,
And hallowed be Thy day ;
Let sin-stained souls find pardon,
And learn to love and pray.

Oh ! bless and keep the faithful,
That they may stand secure ;
Unharmed by Satan's malice,
And steadfast, meek, and pure.

With heavenly food supported,
Oh ! be they firm and strong
To follow all things holy,
To flee from all things wrong.

Lord, banish strife and variance,
Knit sundered hearts in one ;
And bind us all together
In love to Thy dear Son.

O Father, bless our Parish,
That all may grow in grace,
And love Thee daily better,
Until we see Thy face. Amen.

40.

The Resurrection of the Dead.

“The dead in Christ shall rise first.”—I THESS. iv. 16.

HOPE of hopes, and joy of joys !
Golden morn of endless day !
Can we cling to earth’s vain toys,
While we wait thy dawning ray ?

Oh, the waking of the dead !
Who can sing the awful bliss ?
Who can paint the splendour dread ?
Who can dream a dream like this ?

Lo ! the Angel’s trumpet rings,
Thrilling thro’ the trembling earth ;
All the saints that sleep it brings
To their new and glorious birth :

Crowns of light on every brow !
Songs of bliss on every tongue !
Beauty none hath dreamt of now !
Glory voice hath never sung !

Loved ones gaze with raptured eye
On the forms that round them spring :
Changed and glorified they fly
Thro’ the clouds to meet their King.

Death is sweet to souls that wait,
 Weary, longing for their rest ;
 'Tis the little golden gate
 Unto Paradise the blest.

Passing sweet is Paradise,
 Where the spirits wait and pray :
 But oh, tenfold joy and bliss
 Of the Resurrection Day !

Jesu, lift our souls on high,
 While we watch thro' life's dim night,
 That above the starry sky
 We may rise to cloudless light. Amen.

41.

The Name of Jesus.

"Far above every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come."—EPH. i. 21.

JESUS ! Name of wondrous love !
 Name all other names above !
 Unto which must every knee
 Bow in deep humility.

Jesus ! Name decreed of old ;
 To the maiden mother told,
 Kneeling in her lowly cell,
 By the Angel Gabriel.

Jesus ! Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth
For the promise that it gave,—
“Jesus shall His people save.”

Jesus ! Name of mercy mild
Given to the holy Child,
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.

Jesus ! only Name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

Jesus ! Name of wondrous love !
Human Name of God above !
Pleading only this we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to Thee. Amen.

42.

The Narrow Way.

“Narrow is the way which leadeth unto life.”—
ST. MATT. vii. 14.

LORD, Thy children guide and keep,
As with feeble steps they press

On the pathway rough and steep
Through this weary wilderness.

Holy Jesu, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

There are stony ways to tread ;
Give the strength we sorely lack :
There are tangled paths to thread ;
Light us, lest we miss the track.

Holy Jesu, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

There are sandy wastes that lie
Cold and sunless, vast and drear,
Where the feeble faint and die ;
Grant us grace to persevere.

Holy Jesu, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

There are soft and flowery glades
Decked with golden-fruited trees ;
Sunny slopes, and scented shades ;
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease.

Holy Jesu, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

Upward still to purer heights,
Onward yet to scenes more blest,
Calmer regions, clearer lights,
Till we reach the promised rest.

Holy Jesu, day by day
Lead us in the narrow way. Amen.

43.

Nearer to Thee.

(*A Recast of Mrs. Adams' well-known Hymn.*)

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."—ST. JOHN xii. 32.

NEARER, O God, to Thee ! Hear Thou my prayer.
 E'en though a heavy cross fainting I bear,
 Still all my prayer shall be,
 Nearer, O God, to Thee ; nearer to Thee !

If, where they led my Lord, I too am borne,
 Planting my steps in His, weary and worn,
 Oh, may they carry me
 Nearer, O God, to Thee ; nearer to Thee !

If Thou the cup of pain givest to drink,
 Let not my trembling lip from the draught shrink ;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, O God, to Thee ; nearer to Thee !

Though the great battle rage hotly around,
 Still where my Captain fights let me be found ;
 Through toils and strife to be
 Nearer, O God, to Thee ; nearer to Thee !

When, my course finished, I breathe my last breath,
Ent'ring the shadowy valley of death,

There too I still shall be
Nearer, O God, to Thee ; nearer to Thee.

And when Thou, Lord, once more glorious shalt
come,

Oh for a dwelling-place in Thy bright home !

Through all eternity
Nearer, O God, to Thee ; nearer to Thee ! Amen.

44.

O God, Enshrined.

“And when I saw Him, I fell at His Feet as dead.”—REV. 1. 17.

O God, enshrined in dazzling light
Above the highest sphere,
My soul is filled with awe to feel
That Thou art present here.

Thine Eye is as a lamp of fire,
And in its searching flame
I see myself, all stained with sin,
And bow my head with shame.

But, O my God, Thy Son hath died !
And from the dust I rise,
And from myself and all my sin
To Thee I lift mine eyes.

My sins are dark, but over all
 Thy burning love I see ;
 And all my soul is full of praise,
 And worships only Thee. Amen.

45.

Jesus at the Door.

“Behold, I stand at the door and knock.”—REV. iii. 20.

O JESU, Thou art standing
 Outside the fast-closed door,
 In lowly patience waiting
 To pass the threshold o'er.

Shame on us, Christian brothers,
 His name and sign who bear,
 Oh, shame, thrice shame, upon us,
 To keep Him standing there !

O Jesu, Thou art knocking ;
 And lo ! that Hand is scarred,
 And thorns Thy brow encircle,
 And tears Thy Face have marred.

O love that passeth knowledge
 So patiently to wait !
 O sin that hath no equal
 So fast to bar the gate !

O Jesu, Thou art pleading
 In accents meek and low—
 'I died for you, My children,
 And will ye treat Me so ?'

O Lord, with shame and sorrow
 We open now the door :
 Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
 And leave us nevermore. Amen.

46.

Jesus Seeing our Toils.

'He saw them toiling in rowing.' —ST. MARK vi. 48.

O LORD, we toil with weary oar
 Across life's restless sea :
 When shall we reach the unseen shore
 And be at rest with Thee ?

The night is dark ; the waves run high ;
 We see no dawning ray ;
 We toil and strive in vain ; ah ! why
 Art Thou so far away ?

O toiler, cease thy faithless moan :
 For, on the sacred hill,
 Withdrawn from earth, unseen, alone,
 He sees thee toiling still.

What matter that the storm-winds blow,
 And waves their loud voice raise?
 Nor wind nor wave can work thee woe
 While Jesus sees and prays.

O Jesu, on Thy strong arm stayed,
 We brave life's restless sea;
 And, tho' we sometime be afraid,
 We yet will trust in Thee! Amen.

47.

The Drawing of the Cross.

"I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."—
 ST. JOHN xii. 32.

O my Saviour, lifted
 From the earth for me,
 Draw me, in Thy mercy,
 Nearer unto Thee.

Speed these lagging footsteps,
 Melt this heart of ice,
 As I scan the marvels
 Of Thy Sacrifice.

Lift my earth-bound longings,
 Fix them, Lord, above;
 Draw me with the magnet
 Of Thy mighty love.

Lord, Thine Arms are stretching
 Ever far and wide,
 To enfold Thy children
 To Thy loving Side.

And I come, O Jesus :—

Dare I turn away ?

No ! Thy love hath conquered,

And I come to-day :

Bringing all my burdens,

Sorrow, sin, and care,

At Thy Feet I lay them,

And I leave them there. Amen.

48.

Holy Scripture.

*“The commandment is a lamp, and the law is light.”—
 PROV. vi. 23.*

O WORD of God Incarnate,
 O Wisdom from on high,
 O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
 O Light of our dark sky ;

We praise Thee for the radiance
 That from the hallowed page,
 A lantern to our footsteps,
 Shines on from age to age.

The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.

It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored ;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ the living Word.

It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled ;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world.

It is the chart and compass,
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

Oh ! make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old.

Oh ! teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face. — Amen.

49.

Public Worship.

“One day in Thy courts is better than a thousand.”—

Ps. lxxxiv. 10.

Oh, happy feet that tread
Thine earthly courts, O Lord !
There heavenly light is shed ;
There Thine own peace is poured.

Oh, happy knees that press
Thy Temple’s lowly floor,
While contrite hearts confess,
And pardoning grace implore !

Oh, happy ears that hear
With glad and simple faith
The message ringing clear—
“Thy sins God pardoneth” !

Oh, happy tongues that sing
With burning praise on fire,
Here faintly echoing
The bright celestial choir !

Oh, happy souls that rise
In childlike trust to Thee
With hallowed sacrifice
Of prayer and litany !

Oh, happy eyes that light
 With brave and holy pride
 The one faith to recite,
 For which the martyrs died !

Oh, happier still who low
 At Thy blest banquet kneel,
 With trembling rapture glow,
 And there Thy Presence feel !

But happiest happiest far
 To Heav'n's fair courts to soar,
 And, where all glories are,
 To praise Thee evermore ! Amen.

50.

The New Jerusalem.

“The kingdom of God is within you.”—ST. LUKE xvii. 21.

THE City paved with gold,
 Bright with each dazzling gem !
 When shall our eyes behold
 The new Jerusalem ?
 Yet lo ! e'en now in viewless might
 Uprise the walls of living light !

The kingdom of the Lord
 It cometh not with show :

Nor throne, nor crown, nor sword,
Proclaim its might below.

Though dimly scanned through mists of sin,
The Lord's true kingdom is within !

The gates of pearl are there
In penitential tears :
Bright as a jewel rare
Each saintly grace appears :
We track the path saints trod of old,
And lo ! the pavement is of gold !

The living waters flow
That fainting souls may drink ;
The mystic fruit-trees grow
Along the river's brink :
We taste e'en now the waters sweet,
And of the Tree of Life we eat.

Not homeless wanderers here
Our exile songs we sing ;
Thou art our home most dear,
Thou city of our King !
Thy future bliss we cannot tell,
Content in thee on earth we dwell.

Build, Lord, the mystic walls !
Throw wide the unseen gates !

Fill all the golden halls,
 While yet Thy triumph waits !
 Make glad Thy Church with light and love,
 Till glorified it shines above ! Amen.

51.

For the Country.

“Lord, Thou hast been favourable unto Thy land.”—Ps. lxxxv. 1.

To Thee our God we fly
 For mercy and for grace ;
 Oh ! hear our lowly cry,
 And hide not Thou Thy face.

O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
 And guard and bless our Fatherland.

Arise, O Lord of Hosts !
 Be jealous for Thy Name,
 And drive from out our coasts
 The sins that put to shame.

O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
 And guard and bless our Fatherland.

Thy best gifts from on high
 In rich abundance pour,
 That we may magnify
 And praise Thee more and more.

O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
 And guard and bless our Fatherland.

The powers ordained by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless,
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness.

O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

The Church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire,
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire.

O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

The pastors of Thy fold
With grace and power endue,
That faithful, pure, and bold,
They may be pastors true.

O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

Oh ! let us love Thy house,
And sanctify Thy day,
Bring unto Thee our vows
And loyal homage pay.

O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

Give peace, Lord, in our time ;
 Oh ! let no foe draw nigh,
 Nor lawless deed of crime
 Insult Thy Majesty.

O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
 And guard and bless our Fatherland.

Though yile and worthless, still
 Thy people, Lord, are we ;
 And for our God we will
 None other have but Thee.

O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
 And guard and bless our Fatherland. Amen.

52.

“It is I.”

“It is I; be not afraid.”—ST. JOHN vi. 20.

WHEN the dark waves round us roll,
 And we look in vain for aid,
 Speak, Lord, to the trembling soul,—
 “It is I; be not afraid.”

When we dimly trace Thy form
 In mysterious clouds arrayed,
 Be the echo of the storm,—
 “It is I; be not afraid.”

When our brightest hopes depart,
 When our fairest visions fade,
 Whisper to the fainting heart,—
 “It is I ; be not afraid.”

When we weep beside the bier
 Where some well-loved form is laid,
 Oh ! may then the mourner hear,—
 “It is I ; be not afraid.”

When with wearing hopeless pain
 Sinks the spirit sore dismayed,
 Breathe Thou then the comfort-strain,—
 “It is I ; be not afraid.”

When we feel the end is near,
 Passing into death’s dark shade,
 May the voice be strong and clear,—
 “It is I ; be not afraid.” Amen.

53.

The Godhead of Jesus.

(See the beautiful tune “Cross and Crown” written for this
 Hymn. “Church Hymns.”)

“The Word was God.”—ST. JOHN i. 1.

Who is this, so weak and helpless,
 Child of lowly Hebrew maid,
 Rudely in a stable sheltered,
 Coldly in a manger laid ?

'Tis the Lord of all creation,
Who this wondrous path hath trod ;
He is God from everlasting,
And to everlasting God.

Who is this—a Man of Sorrows,
Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
Over sin and Satan's sway ?

'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,
Who above the starry sky
Now for us a place prepareth,
Where no tear can dim the eye.

Who is this—behold Him shedding
Drops of Blood upon the ground ?
Who is this—despised, rejected,
Mocked, insulted, beaten, bound ?

'Tis our God, who gifts and graces
On His Church now poureth down ;
Who shall smite in holy vengeance
All His foes beneath His throne.

Who is this that hangeth dying,
While the rude world scoffs and scorns ;
Numbered with the malefactors,
Torn with nails, and crowned with thorns ?

'Tis the God who ever liveth
 'Mid the shining ones on high,
 In the glorious golden city
 Reigning everlasting ! Amen.

54.

The Transfiguration.

"He was transfigured before them."—ST. MATT. xvii. 2.

With trembling awe the chosen three
 The holy mount ascended,
 Where, rapt in blissful ecstacy,
 They saw the vision splendid,—
 Their Lord arrayed in living light,
 And on His left hand and His right
 By glorious saints attended.

Oh, vision bright, too bright to tell,
 The joys of heaven unveiling !
 How precious on those hearts it fell
 When earthly hopes were failing,
 When, saints no more on either side,
 Between the thieves the Saviour died,
 'Mid hate and scorn and railing !

Grant us, dear Lord, some vision brief
 Of future triumph telling,

Gilding with hope our night of grief,
Our clouds of fear dispelling.
If the dim foretaste was so bright,
Oh, what shall be the dazzling light
Of Thy eternal dwelling ! Amen.

INDEX TO HYMNS.

HYMN		PAGE
1. SUNDAY.		
	This day, at Thy creating word	195
2. DAILY PRAYER.		
	O Lord, it is a blessed thing	196
3. MONDAY.		
	Yesterday with worship blest	197
4. THURSDAY.		
	Ascended Lord, accept our praise	198
5. FRIDAY.		
	O Jesu, crucified for man	199
6. SPRING.		
	For all Thy love and goodness, so bountiful and free .	200
7. SUMMER.		
	Summer suns are glowing	202
8. AUTUMN.		
	The year is swiftly waning	204
9. WINTER.		
	Winter reigneth o'er the land	205
10. EPIPHANY.		
	O one with God the Father	206
11. HOLY WEEK.		
	Lord Jesu, when we stand afar	207
12. EASTER.		
	On wings of living light	208

HYMN

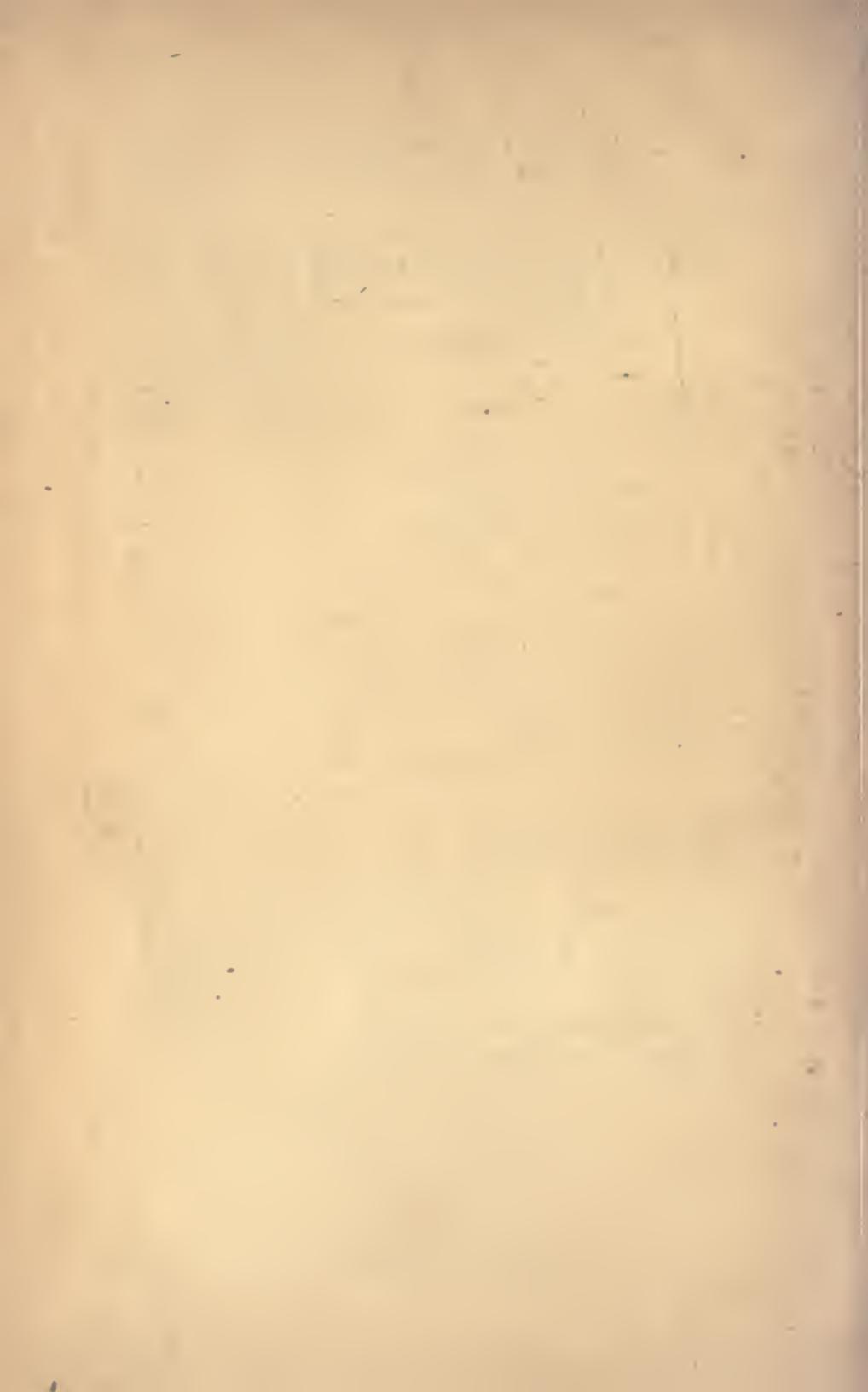
		PAGE
13. WHITSUNTIDE.	O heavenly Fount of light and love	210
14. THE PURIFICATION.	Rejoice, ye sons of men !	211
15. THE ANNUNCIATION.	Great Gabriel sped on wings of light	213
16. ST. PETER.	“Thou art the Christ, O Lord”	214
17. ST. MATTHEW.	Behold, the Master passeth by !	215
18. ST. LUKE.	Oh, blest was he, whose earlier skill	217
19. SAINTS' DAYS.	For all the Saints who from their labours rest	218
20. HOLY COMMUNION.	Great and Glorious Father, humbly we adore Thee	220
21. HOLY BAPTISM.	Oh, sight for Angels to adore	222
22. HOLY BAPTISM.	O'er the shoreless waste of waters	223
23. CONFIRMATION.	Before Thine awful presence, Lord	225
24. IN TIME OF WAR.	O Lord of Hosts, the earth is Thine	226
25. OFFERTORY.	We give Thee but Thine own	227
26. HOME MISSIONS.	Soldiers of the Cross, arise !	228
27. HOSPITALS.	O Thou through suffering perfect made	229

HYMN

		PAGE
28. CHURCH GUILDS AND ASSOCIATIONS.		
Upon the holy Mount they stood		230
29. ASSOCIATIONS OF WOMEN.		
O daughters blest of Galilee		232
30. PROCESSIONAL.		
Bound in holy bonds of love		233
31. MORNING HYMN.		
God of mercy and of love		235
32. EVENING HYMN.		
Now the sun has passed away		236
33. BEHOLD A LITTLE CHILD.		
Behold a little Child		237
34. COME, PRAISE YOUR LORD AND SAVIOUR.		
Come, praise your Lord and Saviour		239
35. THE LOVE OF JESUS.		
It is a thing most wonderful		240
36. FOR A SCHOOL FESTIVAL.		
Lord, this day Thy children meet		242
37. O HOLY LORD.		
O holy Lord, content to fill		243
38. ASHAMED OF JESUS.		
Ashamed of Thee ! O dearest Lord		244
39. FOR THE PARISH.		
Bowed low in supplication		245
40. THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.		
Hope of hopes, and joy of joys		247
41. THE NAME OF JESUS.		
Jesus ! Name of wondrous love !		248
42. THE NARROW WAY.		
Lord, Thy children guide and keep		249

HYMN

		PAGE
43. NEARER TO THEE.	Nearer, O God, to Thee ! Hear Thou my prayer	251
44. O GOD, ENSHRINED.	O God, enshrined in dazzling light	252
45. JESUS AT THE DOOR.	O Jesu, Thou art standing	253
46. JESUS SEEING OUR TOILS.	O Lord, we toil with weary oar	254
47. THE DRAWING OF THE CROSS.	O my Saviour, lifted	255
48. HOLY SCRIPTURE.	O Word of God Incarnate	256
49. PUBLIC WORSHIP.	Oh, happy feet that tread	258
50. THE NEW JERUSALEM.	The City paved with gold	259
51. FOR THE COUNTRY.	To Thee our God we fly	261
52. "IT IS I."	When the dark waves round us roll	263
53. THE GODHEAD OF JESUS.	Who is this, so weak and helpless	264
54. THE TRANSFIGURATION.	With trembling awe the chosen three	266



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